

The Sketch

No. 946.—Vol. LXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



THE CHARM OF THE DRY-POINT: MLLÉ. CÉCILE SOREL, WHO HAS DESERTED PARIS
FOR A WHILE TO APPEAR IN RUSSIA, AND POSSIBLY IN THE ARGENTINE.

Mlle. Sorel, one of the most charming, as she is one of the most brilliant of French actresses, has deserted Paris for some months that she may appear, by imperial command, in Russia, and possibly, later, in the Argentine. Tout Paris thus loses for a while one of its favourite comédiennes.

From the Dry-Point by Druon.



By KEBBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

SEATTLE.

A MERICAN railways are very interesting, very interesting and very wonderful indeed, but there is about them an element of what I may term individual enterprise that is just a shade too exciting for the placid Britisher. On an English railway, as on an ocean liner, the passenger is treated, mercifully enough, as a child. Whatever happens, or whatever seems likely to happen, the officials wear a comforting mask of easy indifference. Personally, I prefer to have it that way. One is entirely in their hands; one can do nothing whatever to avert catastrophe; why on earth should one enter into their purely technical troubles?

On an American railway, every soul aboard is in the confidence of the crew. You know the engine-driver by name; he is one of the famous personalities of the States. You will hear a passenger say to his small son, as you pass an engine standing on a siding, "That's the celebrated Dick Williams. They've had his portrait in all the papers. He's been off the rails forty-five times and never killed a passenger. Great man, Dick! How are you, Dick? Going strong? That's good!"

If there is any little hitch, the conductors are eager to tell you the fullest details.

"What are we going back for?" you ask.

"Wreck ahead. Couple o' coaches run off the rails. We shall have to run over the Something-or-Other loop. Delay us three to four hours unless we can make it up."

"Any chance of making it up?"

"Well," with a whimsical smile, "old Sam Johnson can put 'er along when he gives his mind to it."

That is another strange difference between the English engine-driver and the American "engineer." The English driver is more or less of an automaton. I do not mean to disparage him in the slightest. We all understand his tremendous responsibilities, and appreciate very highly his unceasing vigilance and care. But his road is cut up into little blocks; his time is regulated to the minute; he travels always under the official eye. In America the engineer has almost the freedom of a chauffeur. Once out on the prairies and he is almost an independent person. He can "hit 'er up some" whenever he takes it into his head to do so. True, he is not a great favourite at headquarters if he arrives at a depot, after negotiating a dangerous piece of line, a couple of hours before he is expected; engineers have been sacked for that. But, in between stations, he is the complete master of the train. So individual is he that the experienced traveller can tell you who is driving by the feel of the hand on the brakes. I heard a man complain to a conductor one morning that he was awakened three times in the night by lack of artistry on the part of the engineer in taking certain curves. Oh, they become very knowing about railway travelling in America!

In England, again, we never stop to think what the driver thinks of us. It is said that on a certain English line the big expresses slow down whilst the first-class passengers are eating their soup; but that is not true. In point of fact, I started the story myself. In America, however, you get to learn that the engineer thinks of his passengers as real flesh-and-blood people who have been placed under his care. Let me give you an instance of this.

Running down from the Grand Canyon, we had to pull up on a siding for about an hour. (I suppose there was the usual derailment ahead. One comes to think nothing of that sort of thing.) I was in the smoking-car, talking to a man who was evidently an official of the line. Presently there entered a tall, rather elderly, lantern-jawed man, with a wild eye and a nervous manner. I knew at once

that he was the engineer of our train. He could have been nothing else than a railroad engineer. His face was tanned; the skin hung loose about his throat. He pulled feverishly at the stump of a cigarette.

Dropping into a seat, he began to talk quite easily and naturally to the official. Though one was in oily overalls, and the other in correct Chicago tweeds, there was not the slightest difference in their manner towards each other, except, perhaps, that the official was slightly deferential. He knew better than to take liberties with the man who held our lives in his hand.

"Something on the road, Jim?" he asked.

"Yarp. Some asterisked fool has piled up his adjectived engine."

"Shall we make up?"

"You bet we shall make up if they give me anything like a chance. . . . They were asking for you along the main road there the other day."

"I believe it. That was a bad business."

"A bad business? I should say it adverbially was, Sir!"

"What was the cause of it?"

"Sheer adjectived carelessness, Sir! That was the cause of it!" He became very excited; his eyes gleamed; the veins in his neck swelled. "And there I saw that swine Bert Davis going about on a crutch and making out to be a something hero!"

"Was he hurt, then?"

"Said 'e was, but I don't stand for that! Not much! He had no crutch the first day after, but he was making fine play with it the second. If a thing like that happened to me, d'ye think I'd show my face to the boys agen? No, Sir. Think of that train going along through the night, and all the women and little children in their beds, trustin' ter you to take 'em along in safety! And then—smash!—one o' them solid steel coaches crushed to ribbons, and a whole family wiped out! A whole family, Sir—father, mother, and little children! If that ever knocked up agen me, I give you my solemn word they'd never take *me* alive! No, Sir! I'd run the train all across country and into the Red Sea before they should take *me*! Yes, Sir!"

Just then the whistle sounded, and he was off. We were soon doing forty miles an hour, then fifty, then sixty. This is fast going on a prairie track in America.

"That's old Jim," said the official, smiling proudly. "He's a devil to drive, but he knows his job all right—all right."

One other little incident. On the way up here we had again to change our route because an engine had "skipped the rails," and the cars had followed her. It was a very dark night, and we travelled at an average speed of two miles an hour. We would accomplish a splendid burst of six or eight miles, and then stop dead for half-an-hour. Whenever we stopped a brakeman walked ahead with a lamp, and another guarded the rear of the train in similar fashion. It was, of course, a single road.

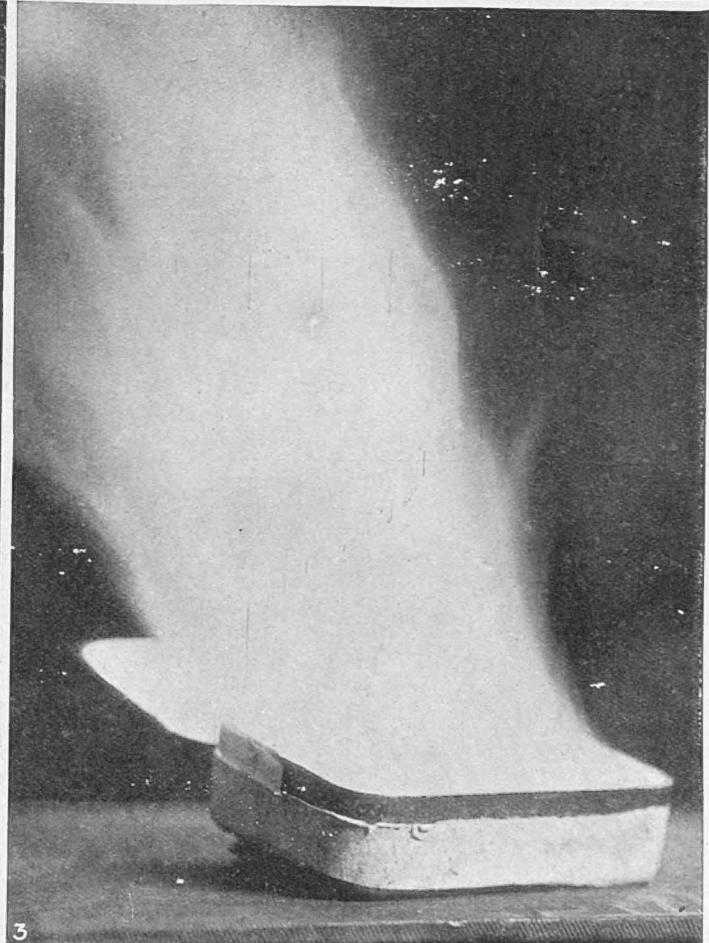
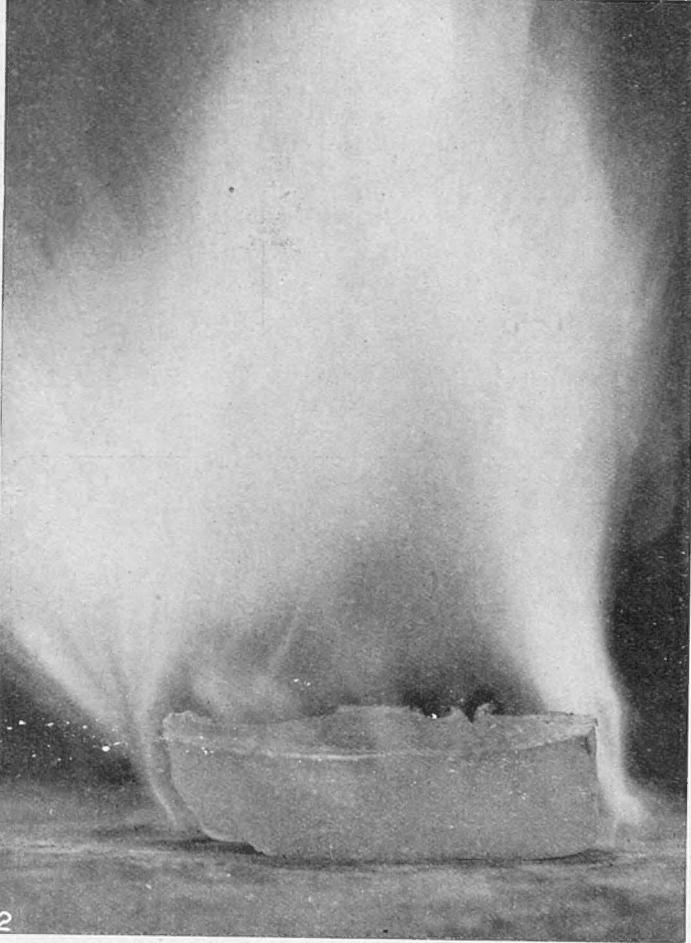
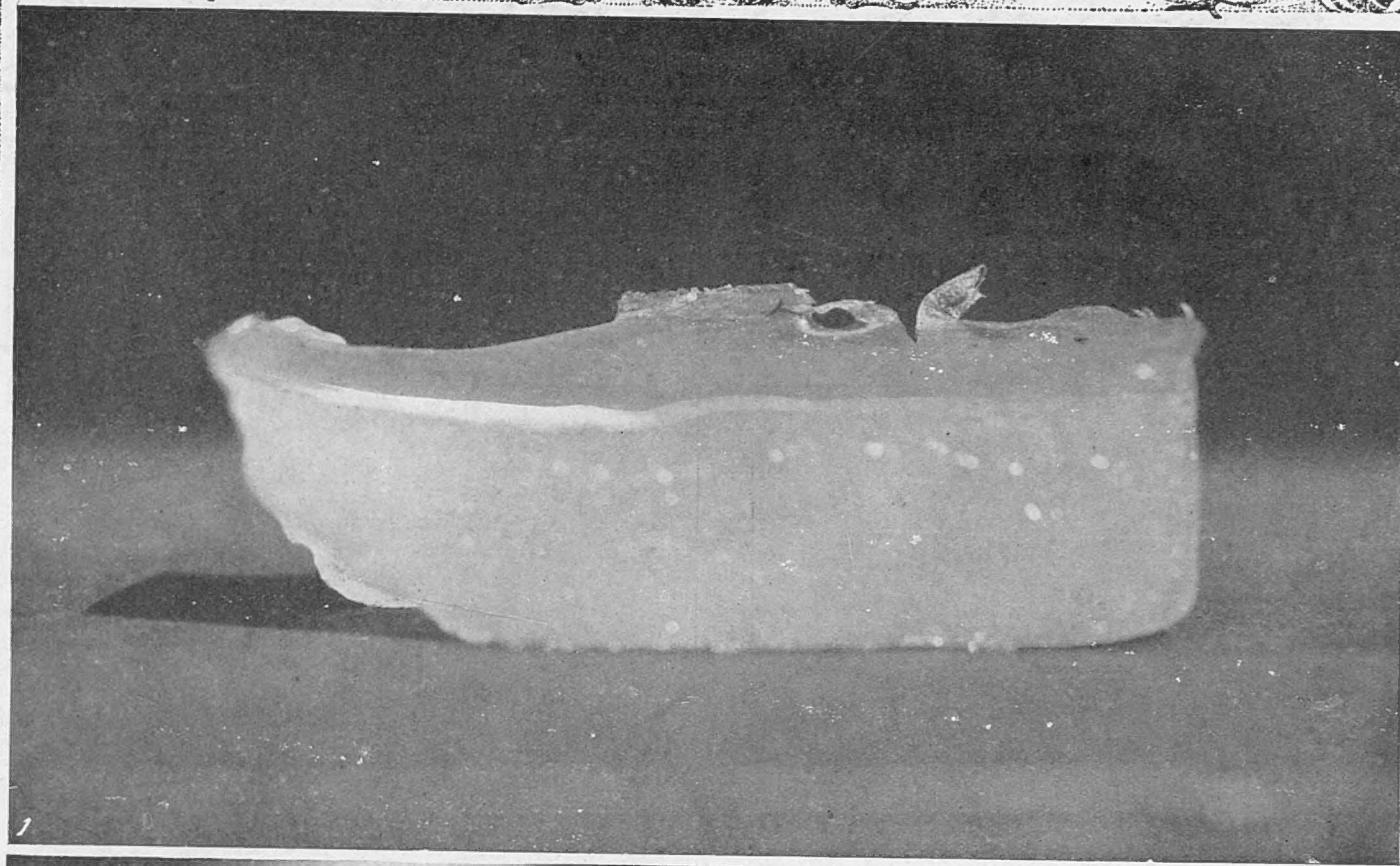
I was in the smoking-compartment, trying to comfort a man who was suffering tortures from rheumatic gout, when "George," the coloured attendant, came running through the observation-car and pulled the alarm-cord. The train continued on its way. Again George pulled. Still the train continued on its way.

"What's the matter, George?" we asked. "Anything wrong?"

"Wrong? I should say so! We've left de brakeman behind!"

A couple of hours later the brakeman reappeared. He had jumped on the next train and caught us up. He seemed quite cross with our driver!

JELLY FOR MOTOR-DRIVING: SOLID PETROL
FOR SALE.



1. POWER IN JELLY FORM: SOLID PETROL, WHICH CAN BE WRAPPED IN PAPER OR CONVEYED IN WOODEN OR CARDBOARD BOXES.

2. PROOF THAT SOLID PETROL DOES NOT MELT, AND SO OVERFLOW: A PIECE OF THE "JELLY" WELL ALIGHT.

3. PROVING THAT THERE IS NO DANGER OF EXPLOSION WITH SOLID PETROL: A BOX OF THE "JELLY" BURNING SLOWLY.

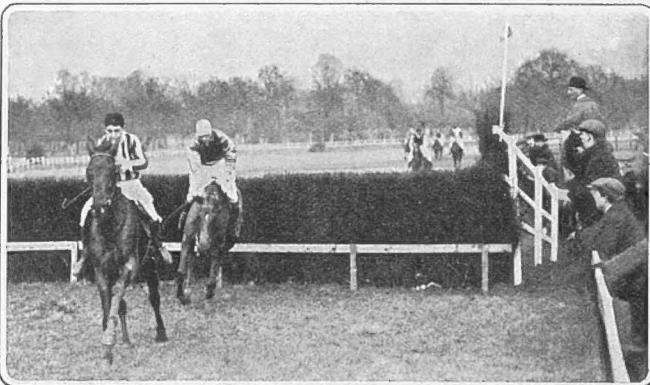
Solid petrol is thus described: "It is a perfectly transparent product, possessing the same colours as the petrols used for its manufacture. It appears in the form of a jelly of sufficient consistency to be carried and handled like any other solid body. It can easily be cut into pieces of parallelepiped form and wrapped in paper, or can be conveyed in wooden or cardboard boxes, etc. . . . The physical properties are the same as those of liquid petrol; evaporation very easy; the same heating power; inflammability and carburetting power very intense. Upon heating solid petrol it does not melt under ordinary pressure, but evaporates. If ignited it does not melt, but burns like wood or coal, and the flame can be easily put out with a piece of cloth; or the burning piece can be taken up with pincers, iron sheeting, or a wet sheet of wood or cardboard."

We make our reproductions by courtesy of the Solidified Petroleum Company, of Norfolk Street, Strand.—[Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch."]

OVER THE STICKS : THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPELCHASE ;
AND AN INCIDENT IN THE NATIONAL HUNT HANDICAP STEEPELCHASE.



AFTER FOUR FALSE STARTS : RUNNERS TAKING THE FIRST JUMP IN THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPELCHASE.



NEARING THEIR GOAL : THE WINNER AND THE SECOND OVER THEIR LAST FENCE, IN THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPELCHASE.



THE WINNER OF THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPELCHASE : CAPTAIN F. D. GRISSELL'S SIR HALBERT.



AFTER THE NATIONAL HUNT HANDICAP STEEPELCHASE : G. CLANCY AND F. LYALL RETURN TO THE PADDOCK ON A POLICEMAN'S HACK.



LITERALLY A SPILL : A RUNNER COMES DOWN DURING THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPELCHASE MEETING AT CHELTENHAM.



BEFORE THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPELCHASE : THE HORSES IN THE PADDOCK.



IN THE ENCLOSURE : OUTSIDE THE LUNCHEON - ROOM AND THE REFRESHMENT - BAR.

After four false starts, thirty-eight runners got away for the National Hunt Steeplechase. Captain F. D. Grissell's Sir Halbert, ridden by Mr. A. Smith, was first, covering the four miles of the course in 10 min. 14 4-5 sec.; Major Purvis's Our Philip, owner up, was second; Mr. P. C. Puckle's Simonstown II., ridden by Mr. P. Roberts, third. There was a curious incident during the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase, which was won by Mr. Romer Williams' Autocar. G. Clancy, who was riding Mr. E. W. Robinson's Bornalira, and F. Lyall, riding Mr. H. Hartland's Beldi, fell at the same fence. Neither being injured, they borrowed a policeman's hack and so returned to the paddock in state. In the photograph, Clancy is seen in front.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, Illustrations Bureau.]

THE CORONATION: TRAIN-BEARERS TO THE QUEEN.



1. DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF KENMARE: LADY DOROTHY BROWNE.
2. DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY: LADY EILEEN KNOX.
3. DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF LANESBOROUGH: LADY EILEEN BUTLER.

4. DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF DARTREY: LADY MARY DAWSON.

At the Coronation of King Edward, Queen Alexandra introduced an innovation by having eight pages, instead of a bevy of girls, to hold up her train, which was so heavy that, when wearing it, she could not move without their assistance. Queen Mary, however, has decided to revert to the precedents set by previous Queens-Consort, such as Queen Charlotte, Queen Adelaide, and others, and to appoint as her train-bearers six fair daughters of earls. In addition to those whose portraits we give her Majesty has chosen Lady Victoria Carrington, daughter of Earl Carrington, and Lady Mabel Ogilvy, daughter of the late Earl of Airlie. Unfortunately, portraits of these two ladies are not available.

Photograph No. 1 by Lallie Charles; No. 2 by Rita Martin; No. 3 by Thomson; and No. 4 by Val l'Estrange.

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TILLERS OF THE SOIL. J. E. PATTERSON

YOUNG LIFE. J. L. HERBERTSON

JOHN CHRISTOPHER: Dawn and Morning. ROMAIN ROLLAND

A LARGE ROOM. MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

THE DOP DOCTOR. (10th Imp.) RICHARD DEHAN

LONDON: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

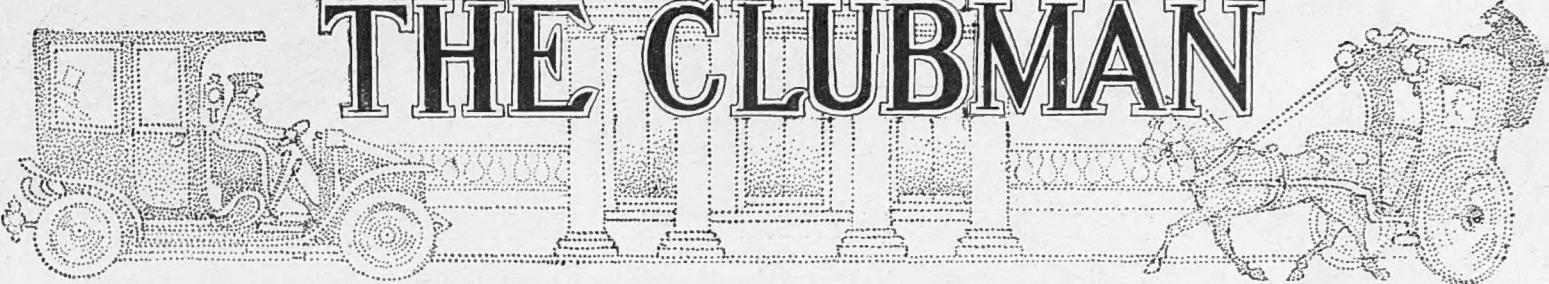
All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

THE CLUBMAN



Rembrandt's
"Mill."

Rembrandt's "Mill" is, of course, a masterpiece, and Lord Lansdowne must be accounted happy in many respects in being the possessor of anything so valuable and so beautiful. But the possession of such a picture brings with it cares as well. I do not suppose that

one educated Englishman out of a thousand knew of the existence of this picture until the news was spread abroad that it was likely to be sold, when a mighty cry was raised that the masterpiece should not be allowed to leave England. This cry, which is always raised when any great picture in possession of a British collector is about to come into the market, seems to me very unreasonable. Neither Rembrandt nor Titian was a British master, and the Low Countries and Italy would really be more justified in crying out that the pictures should find their way back to the lands of the artists' birth than Great Britain is in complaining that the foreign masterpieces find their way to America. There is more excuse for the outcry when the work of a great British master

THE AUTHOR OF "PHRYNETTE IN LONDON": MME. MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.
"Phrynette in London" relates the impressions and adventures of a frank and vivacious French girl who comes to stay with an aunt in Cromwell Road. The author, Mrs. Troly-Curtin, is, to quote her publisher, "really and truly a young Frenchwoman, but her book is not a translation. She wrote it in English with her own hand."

disappears from its place in some historic British house which is constantly thrown open to the public. Then something British disappears which the British public has learned to love. But all the same, the pictures are the property of their owners, and it savours of ill-manners to dictate to the possessors of pictures what they are to do with things which are their own. A collector may sell a beautiful work in silver by Benvenuto Cellini, he may sell a magnificent suit of inlaid armour, he may sell priceless china or a wonder in crystal, and these treasures go to America without a word of protest being uttered; but if he sells to an American a great picture painted in Antwerp or Rome or Nuremberg, he must expect to hear remonstrances from all quarters. Lord Lansdowne has behaved most generously in offering to give £5000 towards the purchase of his own picture, and if the artistic world feels so acutely the possible loss of the "Mill," it should subscribe instead of talking.

Coronation Decorations. The year is slipping away, spring is already with us, and the great Coronation fortnight will be upon us in quite a short space of time, but as yet no definite plan for the decoration of the Coronation route has been put forward by the people in authority. Four distinguished artists have offered to advise the authorities on the subject, and it will be undoubtedly an advantage to these authorities to have this committee of good taste at their elbow. But what pleases the artistic eye does not always appeal to the liking of the million, and it is not for the delight of the

æsthetes, but for the gratification of the great uncultured populace of London that the streets are to be decorated. London never looks so noble as when it is draped in purple for the funeral of a King or a Queen, and it would look just as noble were some other colour, such as royal crimson, hung from all its balconies and windows. I would suggest that crimson and white should be the colours chosen—crimson in honour of the King, and white in honour of Queen Mary; and that, without interfering with the liberty of the subject in any way, it should be suggested to all the householders along the routes of the procession that these colours should be shown, and to the various municipalities that they should echo these colours in the street decorations.

In London, unfortunately, we cannot count upon the sun, for bright sunlight makes the task of decorating a city a comparatively easy one. In Italy and in all Eastern countries when a city is in gala mood the citizens hang from their windows carpets and rugs and shawls, and the contrast of rich colour against the walls, blazing in sunlight, makes the most perfect decoration in the world.

Two towns which cannot count on sunshine I see nearly every year on festival occasions, each of which seems to me to have struck out for itself a perfect scheme of decoration. These two towns are Canterbury and Karlsbad. The old cathedral town in Kent flutters with little pennons put up by a public committee; a network of little electric lamps stretches all down its High Street; and Japanese lanterns are hung in its narrow lanes where the three-decker houses lean over towards each other; but the real decoration of the old grey city is in the wealth of pink and white flowers, which are in the window-boxes of nearly every window in every house in the High Street. The effect of this decoration of live flowers in an old grey town is extremely beautiful. Karlsbad, decorated for the birthday of the Emperor, strikes a more sedate note. Long ropes of sprigs of pine are wound round the columns of its colonnades, and are festooned on its public buildings, and from every house hang great banners twenty or thirty feet long of the yellow and black of Austria, relieved here and there by the brighter colours of Bohemia. The dark green and the black and gold form a very noble and a very harmonious decoration. We cannot well borrow the Austrian black and gold for London, Canterbury, and ask that all flower-boxes should be filled for the Coronation fortnight with flowers of one of the Coronation colours.



THE TRAGEDY OF A LADY-IN-WAITING: THE COUNTESS GIULIA TRIGONA (FORMERLY A LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE QUEEN OF ITALY), WHO WAS MURDERED THE OTHER DAY.

The Countess, who was murdered in a Rome hotel the other day, died from wounds inflicted with a hunting-knife. She was a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy until the end of last month.—[Photograph by Harlingue.]



"WOMANLY" HAREM SKIRTS AT THE GAIETY: THE JUPE-CULOTTE IN "PEGGY."

The particular form of jupe-culotte worn in the new Gaiety play is described as "womanly," and has met with considerable appreciation. The photograph shows (from left to right) Miss Billy Eade, Miss May Kennedy, and Miss Marie Deane.—[Photograph by Central News.]

but we might take a lesson from Canterbury, and ask that all flower-boxes should be filled for the Coronation fortnight with flowers of one of the Coronation colours.



BY WADHAM PEACOCK.



PROFESSOR THOMPSON, of Colorado, where the beetles came from, protests that more pathogenic micro-organisms are conveyed to the mucous membranes by handshaking than by kissing. This is merely the scientific way of putting what sweethearts found out for themselves at the dawn of time.

What is this about "Rembrandt's Mill"? Really, these boxing-matches for Massa Johnson's belt are getting a bit overdone.

Outdoor courting is more general in England than in any other European country, says a Spanish writer. That is because we have such a suitably fickle climate.

A telegram states that the Swiss village of Goppenstein is buried under the snow. And the best place for it, with such a name as that.

"A perfectly sane man would probably be very dull and uninteresting," says an expert. Come, my brothers, this is the month of March, and it has two new moons. There is every excuse for a little madness.



Scotland Yard and Chicago agree that criminals are seldom fat. This is no twencent discovery. According to Shakespeare, Julius Caesar mistrusted the lean and hungry Cassius, and desired

to have about him people that were fat.

THE DRAPERS' PLAINT.

(One or two manufacturers of petticoats have had to cease trading, owing to the vogue of the hobble and harem skirts.)

Have they told you, my Herrick, the pitiful tale
How the drapers of London are raising a wail
That "tempestuous" petticoat's losing its hold
On the maid and the wife, on the young and the old?

The garment, they say,
Is now passing away,
So to you, as its saint and its patron,
they pray.

They're hampered with hobble and trammelled with trews
Of the sort that the wives of Mahomedans use;

The petticoat's losing its grip, and they fear

In a couple of months it will quite disappear.

You cannot gainsay
That it's slipping away,
So aid in restoring the petticoat's sway



A Paris Commissary of Police is learning to fly. The Apaches of the city have not had such fun for a long time. They are subscribing to have him cinematographed in the act for the Saturday nights at the Thieves' Kitchen.

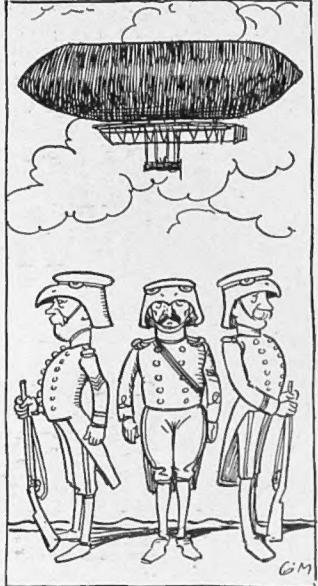
According to a special Army Order, a new air battalion is to come into being on April 1. That sly official humour will creep out, even in the War Office.



Parisiennes are abandoning the little handbag which used to be an indispensable part of a smart woman's dress. Now that they are wearing bags on their legs it is superfluous to carry them on their arms.

"What we call 'pleasure' is daily becoming more expensive," wails a Paris newspaper, and goes on to ask, "Why do we call it pleasure?" Hang what we call it! Why is it more expensive?

Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart holds that the red dragon of Wales ought to appear on the new coinage. Quite right. And while they are at it the young bloods of Ton-y-pandy might paint the dragon that barks at the pigeons opposite the Law Courts a bright red on St. David's night.



Mrs. Steel appears to argue that women ought to have the vote because some of them have to shave twice a week. If they have to "do" their hair as well, no one would grudge them half-a-dozen votes.



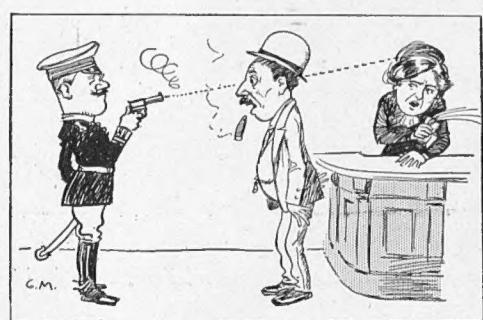
The Chinese have a topsy-turvy way of looking at things. For example, they attribute the outbreak of plague in Manchuria to foreign influence, whereas we know that it is the result of Chinese dirt.

THE GIFT OF TIME.

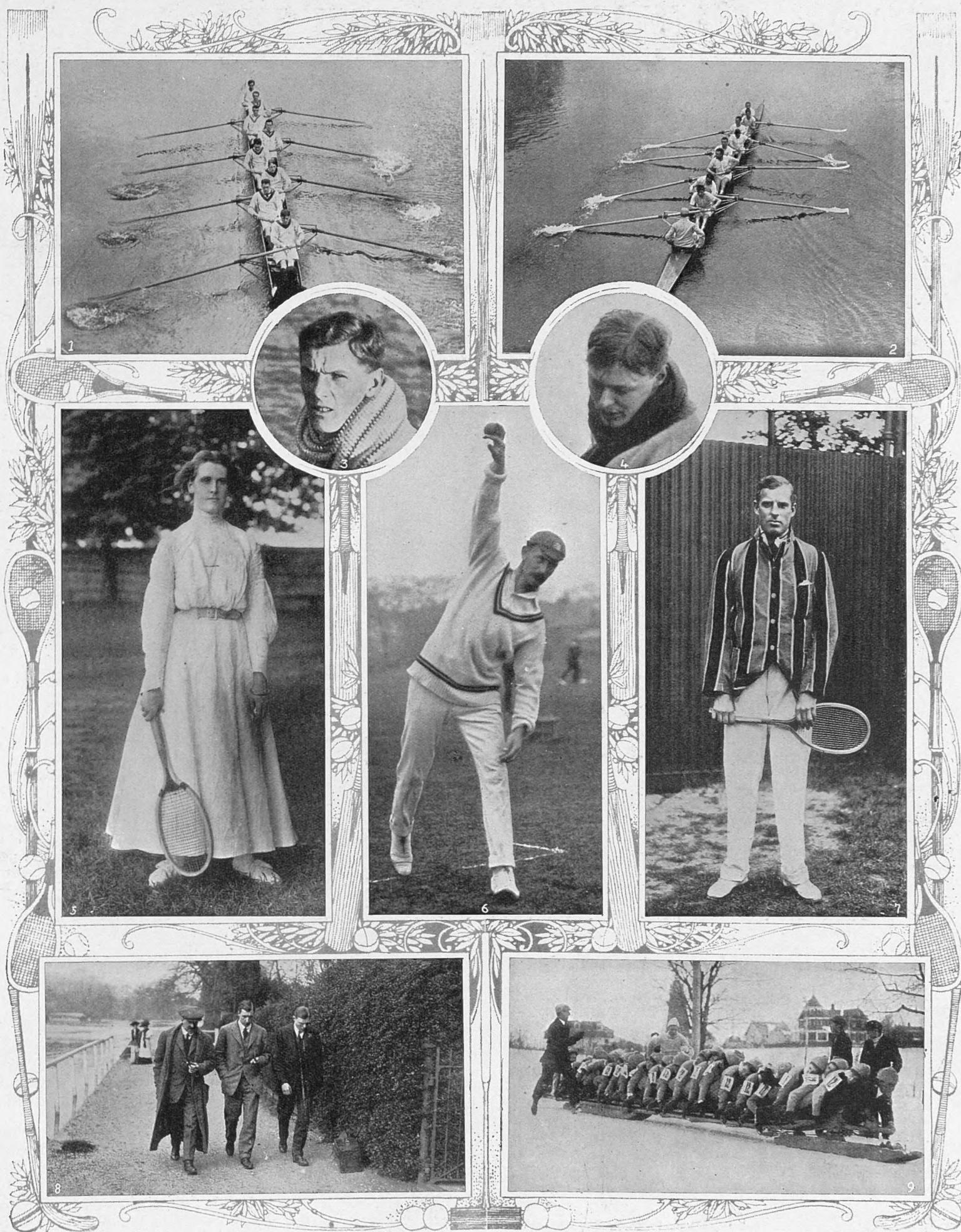
(At midnight on March 10 all the clocks in France were put back nine minutes twenty-one seconds, which the French had to live over again.)

"If I could have my time again,"
How often does a man affirm,
"I'd never do the silly, vain,
And foolish things that made me squirm.
I'd always do the thing that's right,
I'd pile up money all the day,
And never waste it all the night;
For now I know the perfect way."

When midnight struck on Friday last, Parisians—and the rest of France—re-lived nine minutes of the past, And this is how they took their chance. They ate, they drank, they slept, they gamed, Made love and quarrelled, kissed and fought, Misspent the moments, unashamed, And never did a thing they ought.



CIRCLING WITH THE SEASONS: SPORT IN TWO HEMISPHERES



1. THE DARK BLUES AT HENLEY: THE OXFORD BOAT SHOOTING HENLEY BRIDGE.

2. THE LIGHT BLUES AT BOURNE END: CAMBRIDGE "EASY ALL" AFTER A FAST SPIN.

3. THRICE PREVENTED BY ILLNESS FROM ROWING IN THE OXFORD BOAT: MR. C. A. GLADSTONE, WHO HAS HAD TO RESIGN HIS SEAT AT BOW.

4. THE OXFORD STROKE: MR. R. C. BOURNE, OF ETON AND NEW COLLEGE.

5. THE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT MONTE CARLO: MISS R. V. SALSBURY, WINNER OF THE LADIES' OPEN SINGLES.

6. TAKER OF FIVE WICKETS FOR SIX RUNS IN A TEST MATCH AT SYDNEY: MR. R. O. SCHWARZ, THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOOGLY BOWLER.

7. THE MONTE CARLO LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT: MR. A. F. WILDING, WINNER OF THE GENTLEMEN'S OPEN SINGLES.

8. DARK (BLUE) DESIGNS: DR. BOURNE (THE OLD OXFORD COACH), MR. BARKER (THE NEW COACH), AND MR. R. C. BOURNE (STROKE) AT HENLEY.

9. LIKE SARDINES—IN A BOBSLEIGH: THE MOST POPULAR CREW AT AN AMERICAN WINTER SPORT CARNIVAL.

This page illustrates the fact that sport is unceasing; it circles round the world with the seasons, and while in one hemisphere we are indulging in winter carnivals, in the other, cricket is being played under summer skies. One or two of the above photographs call for further remark. Mr. C. A. Gladstone, who was rowing bow for Oxford until a few days ago, has been exceptionally unlucky, having had to give up his seat in the boat through illness for the third year in succession. At the Monte Carlo Lawn Tennis Tournament Miss Salusbury beat Miss Colston in the final of the Ladies' Open Singles; Mr. A. F. Wilding beat Mr. Decugis in the Gentlemen's Open Singles. The bobsleigh "Greyhound," with a crew of ladies, attracted great attention and won several prizes and a silver cup at a recent winter carnival at Huntingdon, in America.

Photographs by Sport and General, L.N.A., Topical, and Central News.

SMALL TALK

THEY are angry in San Francisco about the despatch of parties of sight-seeing American girls to London or Paris, labelled as beauties in advance by the local Press. All girls are beautiful, of course; but if you say so in very round terms of any given bevy, and call out Paris to look at them, you must not be surprised if Paris shows its native impoliteness when it does not see them with quite the same eyes. The local newspaper lately sent a party from Ohio with the usual dithyramb. They were "Ohio lilies" and "Ohio roses," and the rest; but, instead of being treated like exotics in the "Semiramis of cities," they were met with



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARLES E. HALKETT CONNELL
MISS SYBIL VAUGHAN-MORGAN.

Miss Vaughan-Morgan is the fifth daughter of Mr. Edward Vaughan-Morgan, of 22, Harrington Gardens. Lieut-Colonel Connell, of the Indian Army, is a son of the late Colonel A. F. Connell.—[Photograph by Val d'Estrange.]

a coldly critical stare and even with oblique jeers. "Gyp's" judgment of Paris as the least polite of cities is perhaps difficult to accept only because the accepted tradition of centuries has been set in so opposite a direction. Yet it seems pretty certain to the closest of observers that France has said good-bye to her old ideals.

Their Laughter. The "Sumurûn" company take away from London many agreeable memories, and leave many more behind them. Their appearances at private parties had few records in the Press; but they were the observed of all observers in the drawing-rooms whither they flitted when the Coliseum performance was



ENGAGED TO MISS FRANCES STRACHEY:
LORD O'HAGAN.

Lord O'Hagan, who is the third baron, succeeded his brother in 1900. He was a Lord-in-Waiting from 1907 until last year. He was born in 1882.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

amateur! Perhaps this was partly waltzing was rather stagey in form—they half ran round the room. Their very few words of English did not avail them very much; but nobody minded that who heard them laugh. "A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence," says Thackeray. The "Sumurûn" laughter was a genuine delight, and it made the laughers welcome wherever they went.

Stern Fact. Lord Michelham, who, unlike Lord Lansdowne, has no pictures to sell, offers, like Lord Lansdowne, £5000 towards the purchase of "The Mill."

Lord Michelham's name is famous on all manner of subscription-lists, and the Conservative Party—he is a Balfourian Baron—is known to have profited enormously at his hands. Strawberry Hill belongs to him—perhaps a hint of what may happen in the way of leaves, too, when Liberalism is at an end. A story, repeated by Americans at the expense of the English Peerage, recounts how it happened that, of the brothers Stern, the wrong one first received a Barony, a mistake made good (so runs the tale) by subsequent duplication of subscriptions and honours.

True, Lord Wandsworth was created a Baron in 1895; Lord Michelham ten years later. So far, so good; but, unluckily for the American legend, the Stern fact is that Lord Wandsworth was a Liberal, and that the brothers had their quite unconfounded honours from rival camps.

ENGAGED TO FLEET PAYMASTER W. BERESFORD WHYTE, C.M.G., R.N.:
MISS GLADYS TOWNSEND.

Miss Townsend, who is engaged to Fleet Paymaster W. Beresford Whyte, of the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham, is the daughter of Colonel C. C. Townsend.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN AUGUSTINE RYAN: MISS ISABELLA ROSEMARY TARLETON.

Miss Tarleton is the youngest daughter of Mr. J. W. Tarleton, of Kirleigh Abbey, and Hunstanton, King's Co. Captain Ryan is in the 15th United States Cavalry.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Miss Irene Thompson, engaged to the member for West Leeds, is the daughter of one of the least professorial of all professors, Mr. Silvanus Thompson. The Sette of Odd Volumes knows that he opens out, when he will, into one of the most entertaining of talkers. He and his daughter's fiancé have the city of York in common. The Professor was educated there; and Mr. T.



A YACHTSWOMAN WHO OWNS AND STEERS HER OWN BOAT:
MISS TURNER-FARLEY, MARRYING MR. H. DES VOEUX ON THE 16TH.
Miss Turner-Farley is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. T. M. Turner-Farley, of Wartnaby Hall, Melton Mowbray, and of Mrs. Turner-Farley, of Rosiliyan, Falmouth.

Photograph by Kirk and Sons.



ENGAGED TO LORD O'HAGAN:
MISS FRANCES STRACHEY.

Miss Frances Constance Maddalena Strachey is the only daughter of Sir Edward Strachey, the fourth baronet, and has one brother, Edward. Her mother was Constance, daughter of Charles Bampfylde Braham, and niece of the late Frances Countess Waldegrave.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

Edmund Harvey, who came back to Westminster with a majority of over four thousand, sampled the Friends' School before he made a tour of the Universities, including those of Paris and Berlin. He is Warden of Toynbee Hall and of Chalfont House.

Sir Chantecleer. Sir Eyre Crowe, who received his knighthood last week, has spent a quarter of a century in the Foreign Office. At the Hague he is well known. "Eyre Crowe" is a name scribbled on the blank leaf of books now scattered over the second-hand stalls in Charing Cross Road. You can buy them for a trifle at Dobell's. But they are not from the new knight's library, but from that of his namesake, the luckless painter, who died only the other day.



TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY TURNER-FARLEY ON THE 16TH: MR. HENRY DES VOEUX.

Mr. Des Voeux is the eldest son of the late Sir William des Voeux and of Lady des Voeux, of 35, Cadogan Square.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

OWNERSHIP MARKS IN MOST ARTISTIC FORM: "EX LIBRIS."



IN PLACE OF THE OLD ARMS: BOOK-PLATES — THEIR MODERN FORM.

The old method of marking the ownership of books by pasting into them representations of their master's arms seems less popular than it was. The new art has taken possession of the "ex libris" as of everything else, and the modern book-plate is apt to have less to do with family than with decoration. Amongst those devoting themselves to designs for this purpose, Mr. Ephraim Moses Lilien takes high rank. Mr. Lilien, who was born of Jewish parentage at Drohobycz, in Galicia, in 1874, studied in Vienna and Munich.

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE coming of George V. has made George a proud name; and many of the bearers of it who reminded the King of their existence at the time of his marriage do not intend to let the Coronation pass without a manifesto of their more than nominal loyalty. One of these Georges—Sir George Lewis—tells a story of the name. It had been jocularly said that he knew sufficient secrets to hang half Society and send the rest to penal servitude. "And where would you be?" asked Labouchere of Yates, who was of the company. "By George, you bet!" answered Edmund. "By George, you bet!" is the rallying cry—without the sinister context—of all the Georges of 1911, from Lewis even to Lloyd.

*England, not be true
Wake Up!* that, in an-

swer to a courtier who announced to his Majesty his growing popularity, George V. answered, "But how is that? I am a family man." By that he meant, of course, that he loves the domesticities, and eludes the vanities which tell a gratified people that King and commoner are made of the same stuff. King George does not even rise late; his appearances in the Park at half-past eight have acted like an alarm-clock. When he first entered the Row it was practically untenanted. It was as he rode away that the other riders put in an appearance. A certain party, proudly sniffing the morning air, entered the gates just as his Majesty made his exit, and felt not at all happy under a quick glance. "To-morrow, eight-thirty,



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA: LADY DENMAN.

It is officially announced that Lord Denman is to succeed Lord Dudley as Governor-General of Australia during the summer. His Lordship, who was born in 1874, was appointed Deputy Speaker in the House of Lords in 1909. He acted as a Lord-in-Waiting to King Edward VII. for two years, and since 1907 has been Captain of H.M.'s Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. In 1903 he married Miss Gertrude Mary Pearson, daughter of the first Baron Cowdray, who is better known, perhaps, under his old name, Sir Weetman Pearson.

Photograph by Thomson.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD AND LADY WARWICK: LADY BROOKE.

Lady Brooke, to whom a son was born the other day, was Miss Elfrida Marjorie Eden, and is a daughter of Sir William Eden, seventh baronet. Her wedding to Lord and Lady Warwick's elder son took place in 1909. Lord Brooke, as heir of the Earl of Warwick, will be the sixth earl in the natural course of events. He was born in 1882, and, formerly in the 1st Life Guards, is Captain in the Special Reserve of Officers. He served in South Africa in 1900, and acted as Reuter's Special Correspondent during the Russo-Japanese War.

Photograph by Thomson.



WIFE OF AN EXTRA EQUERRY TO THE KING:

THE HON. MRS. JOHN WARD.

Mrs. Ward was Miss Jean Whitelaw-Reid, only daughter of the American Ambassador to this country.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT—A NEW PORTRAIT.
Viscountess Powerscourt was Miss Sybil Pleydell-Bouverie, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Pleydell-Bouverie. Her marriage took place in 1903, a year before her husband succeeded to the title.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

mind," shouted one rider after another to his groom soon afterwards.

The Well-Paid Picture-Cleaning. An entry in the May 1900 Diary of Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower (who will never be bankrupt in good sense, whatever he may lose in hard cash) will help to explain Sir Hugh Lane's power of discrimination: "Young Hugh Lane has been at Hammerfield once or twice, and he has been so kind as to clean most dexterously my Titian picture, 'The Death of Actæon'; he has removed layers of brown varnish, and the painting now appears probably much as it did when it formed part of Charles I.'s collection at Hampton Court." Sir Hugh has similarly rejuvenated pictures



WIFE OF COLONEL FRANK SHUTTLEWORTH:

MRS. SHUTTLEWORTH.

Mrs. Shuttleworth is the daughter of the Rev. Robert Lang. She lives at Old Warden Park, Bedfordshire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

by the dozen; and he who cleans a Titian one day is sure of the master's touch another. Before he bought and sold, and made the modern collections of other nations look silly beside the National Gallery of his own making in Dublin, Sir Hugh was content with the less profitable business of advising other people in the matter of their paint. A nephew of Lady Gregory, the maker of Irish plays, he was knighted in 1909, and has for home one of the most beautiful of London houses—Lindsay House, Chelsea. His walls are now being decorated, all too slowly, by Mr. Augustus John.

Sir Hugh's Good Deal. Though Sir Hugh Lane's Titian is sold for £30,000, Sir Hugh neither looks nor feels the richer. The congratulations of his friends at his club in St. James's Street leave him cold, though smiling. He has received £30,000, but has lost—the picture. When, in 1906, he bought it at Christie's for £2205, he knew he had made a small fortune by a nod of the head. He had that knowledge, despite the doubts of the roomful of wise dealers, who were much more inclined to think he had paid a thousand too much, instead of twenty-seven thousand too little. It is the faculty for knowing what others manage not to know that has given this and many another success to Sir Hugh. What can be said in consolation to the firm—it shall, at least, be nameless—that housed the Titian before the 1906 sale? "Will you give £500 for it?" asked the owner. But no; even £50 was held to be an overtopping offer.

⊕ ⊕ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD ! ⊕ ⊕



A SOMERSAULT ON SKIS: MR. JOHN RUDD PERFORMING AN EXTRAORDINARY FEAT AT DULUTH, MINNESOTA.



A SHOCKING AFFAIR IN AFRICA: A NATIVE WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF AN ELECTRIC BATTERY—
HER EXPRESSION.

Photograph by Gebrüder Haeckel.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The New Gaiety
Piece.

In honour of the Coronation year, the Gaiety Theatre has had a spring cleaning, and even something more, for it has been redecorated and refurnished, and there is a new act-drop into the bargain, so that it will be looking very smart for the entertainment of our Colonial cousins and foreign friends. But even the smartness of the playhouse fades into insignificance when compared with the smartness of the wonderful frocks worn by the pretty girls who throng the stage. Really, Mr. George Edwardes is a very unselfish man, for he is running a great risk of losing half these charming creatures during the coming season. No doubt, the play is the thing, but whilst there is only one opinion about the frocks and their wearers, there may be more than one concerning the quality of "Peggy." This, after all, is due to the fact that the critics have got into the bad habit of judging a Gaiety piece on a first night by its then condition, as if they did not know quite well that they and the gang of first-nighters were really the dogs on which it is being tried. Does it last till nearly midnight? Do a few satiated people murmur at the close? Is there so much plot that there hardly seems to be any? Are some numbers not as good as others? If so, these critics solemnly discuss the merits of the piece as drama. "Peggy" has been adapted by Mr. George Grossmith junior from "L'Amorçage," and at present it may seem a little bewildering to people who want to follow closely

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THE DWARF WHO IS PLAYING IN A MAETERLINCK PLAY: M. DELPHIN, WHO IS THE TYLTYL IN "THE BLUE BIRD," IN FRANCE.

M. Delphin is playing the boy in "The Blue Bird" in France with very great success. It will be remembered that little Miss Olive Walter made a great "hit" in the part in this country.

Photo, by Boissonnas and Taponier.

the intrigue; but scenes will go out and jokes will come in, and Mr. Edmund Payne's part as the hairdresser will grow and grow till everybody is satisfied and the patrons of the house will declare that "Peggy" is as good as the best of them. One may be half sorry that the book is of French origin, and therefore the more pleased that the music is all our own. Mr. Leslie Stuart's work is pretty and full of gaiety, sometimes of humour, and several numbers are certain to reach the great heart and ears of the people. Probably, on the whole, he has done nothing better. There is Mr. Payne—of course, nothing new can be said about that idol of the people. Mr. Grossmith, perhaps, has not treated himself too well, but works energetically; whilst the leading ladies, Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Gabrielle Ray, and Miss Olive May, delight their crowds of admirers.

The Play Actors. "Married by Degrees," the Play Actors' latest production, was not altogether a success. There is always something a little alarming when an author takes the trouble to explain elaborately that the improbable events which you are about to notice in his play have actually happened in real life. Mr. Sinnett, the dramatist in this case, has been taking an interest in psychological phenomena, such as mesmerism and double existences; and we are carefully reminded, when Lucy turns into Leonora and

forgets all about her existence as Lucy, that such a thing might actually happen. That is, however, not the point, which is that this sort of thing does not make a good play. The use made of the idea really is farcical. Lucy is engaged to a nice boy, whom, as Leonora, she slaps in the face; Leonora flirts with an atrocious Italian Count, whom, as Lucy, she would abhor. When, as Leonora, she has been induced by mesmerism to see the Count's real villainy and to marry the boy, she turns into Lucy, and is horrified to find herself with him without any recollection of the marriage. In places this was fairly entertaining, but as farce it was spoilt by the obvious intention of the author to be serious. Miss Maud Hoffmann distinguished Lucy from Leonora with cleverness; nobody else had much to do.

A New Irish Play. Miss Johanna Redmond, in her little Irish play, "Falsely True," at the Palace, accomplishes a remarkable feat. She combines with complete success the native and intimate pathos of the little tragedies which the Irish players from the Abbey

Theatre give us, and the breadth and simplicity necessary for holding the audience of a large music-hall. The story is short and plain: a young Irish rebel returns from prison to his father and mother, and tells how he betrayed four patriots to the gallows to save his young brother, and found that he had been tricked for the brother

was already dead of his wounds. The little

work is written with the feeling and sincerity and humour that we are accustomed to from the Irish theatre; and in spite of the emphasis

necessary in so large a theatre, it was admirably and most naturally played by Miss Sara Allgood, Mr. W. G. Fay, and Mr. Fred O'Donovan.

A New Morality Play. Mr. William Poël's "Elizabethan Stage Society" is

by no means dead. It has reappeared after an interval with two interesting relics of the past. One was an incident ("The King and the Countess") attributed to Shakespeare; the other a very secular morality play belonging to the middle of the sixteenth century, which illustrated very well the way in which the Bible stories were adapted in those days for the stage. The supposed Shakespearean extract certainly seemed like Shakespeare, and by many critics is believed to be really Shakespeare; it was very ably played by Mr. Arthur Wontner and Miss Helen Haye. "Jacob and Esau" was rather long, and more of a curiosity than a drama; but it showed distinct skill in character-drawing and a simple sense of humour, strangely modern in some of its touches, that left us wondering whether its author wrote it with the devout faith of the true believer, or really appreciated what an unpardonably vile trick Jacob and Rebecca played. Mr. Clifton Alderson's Isaac was magnificently patriarchal, and Mr. Campbell Cargill gave a very clever study of Jacob, and ably suggested his firm, if strange, belief that he had the divine authority for everything he did.



TO SHOW THAT SHE DOES NOT NEED STEEL TOES TO HER DANCING-SHOES: MISS BESSIE CLAYTON STANDING, BAREFOOTED, ON THE POINTS OF HER TOES.

As we note under our double page of illustrations, Miss Clayton, who is playing the chief part in "The Mad Pierrot," at the Alhambra, does not need to have steel toes to her dancing-shoes.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



THE NEW GONDA VAN DER LOO: MME. MARISE FAIRY.

Mme. Fairy, of the Opéra Comique, Paris, is playing Gonda van der Loo in "The Girl in the Train," at the Vaudeville, in place of Miss Phyllis Dare, now the leading lady at the Gaiety.

Photograph by Watery.

Combined Beauty.—III. “Daly’s Theatre” Girls.



“DALY’S” GIRLS AND THE IDEAL “DALY’S” GIRL: PORTRAITS AND A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT.

With this page we continue our series, “Combined Beauty.” Following the same principle as before, the artist gives portraits of four popular young actresses of “Daly’s,” and a head, composed of salient points of beauty of those ladies, which he describes as a composite portrait of the ideal “Daly’s” girl.

DRAWN BY R. G. MATHEWS.

KEYNOTES

THE revised arrangements for the Grand Opera season are now published, with the promise of an autumn season of German opera by way of pendant. Turning to the long programme that has been arranged for a season that is to open on April 22 and close on July 31, the first impression received is that the occasion is one in which strenuous music has no place. The vast audience that will gather within the historic walls of Covent Garden will be presumed to seek amusement; it will not require or welcome the complicated scores, the intense, dominating tragedy of "Elektra" or "Salomé," nor will it have the time and the attention required to do proper justice to "The Ring." So German opera will be conspicuous by its absence, unless some later arrangement suffices to bring the "Rose Cavalier" of Strauss to London.

The next impression is a pleasant one: there are signs of a revival of French music. No fewer than seven French operas are down for performance, among them Massenet's "Thaïs," a work of rare charm, hitherto unknown to London. In addition to the evergreen "Faust" and "Carmen," we are promised "Louise" and "Samson et Dalila," whose welcome is assured; "Pelléas et Mélisande," which is slowly making friends among subscribers to the Grand season; and "Roméo et Juliette," which has not been given for four or five years, though it has been promised on more than one occasion. It is to be hoped that the management has succeeded at last in finding a tenor who can do justice to the Róméo music. M. Dalmorés will hardly fail in this regard.

On the long list of Italian operas—there are sixteen down for performance—is one novelty: Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Baron Erlanger's "Tess" will make another appeal to the public, and some terrible operatic fossils must be faced again—"Lakmé" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Sonnambula," and "Traviata." It boots not to complain; they retain an extraordinary measure of popularity, and provide Mesdames Melba and Tetrazzini with some of their most valued opportunities. Puccini will contribute no fewer than five operas to the Italian programme, and Verdi and three other Italian composers contribute one apiece; and as Meyerbeer is included in the Italian list, and Bellini and Donizetti are represented, few would ask for more than one example.

The return of ballet to our national Opera House is a significant event, even if it is not altogether unexpected. The success of the Imperial Russian Company in Paris last year was

unparalleled in the modern history of ballet, and the composers whose work is represented have names to conjure with—Chopin, Schumann, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin. Nothing could be better, and the fame of the dancers who will fill the leading rôles is world-wide. Mmes. Karsavina and Lapoukova have delighted all Paris, while M. Vaslav Nijinsky, the premier danseur, created such a

furore in the French capital last summer that the price of seats on the nights of his appearance rose to a high premium. The Imperial Russian Ballet will arrive in the middle of June with their own scenery, costumes, conductor, and the rest, so that their work will be seen to the greatest possible advantage and should give fresh life to ballet, which, in its proper form, has tended for some years to pass from London, yielding place to very inferior entertainment.

Some people have complained that the list of soloists shows no new names, but this, properly understood, is matter for congratulation: one can have nothing better than the best. On the list of sopranis we find Mesdames Melba, Tetrazzini, Destinn, Edvina, and Kousnietzoff; among the contralti is Mme. Kirkby Lunn. The tenors include Bassi and Charles Dalmorés, Riccardo Martin and John McCormack; in the ranks of basses and baritones are Edmund Burke, Marcoux, and Sammarco. It would be hard to find anywhere in Europe singers better equipped to do justice to a great occasion. For the operas Campanini, Panizza, and Percy Pitt will share the conductor's responsibilities; and the ballets will be conducted by M. Tcherepnine, one of whose works, "Le Pavillon d'Armide," is promised. The Gala Performance, for which every seat in the house could have been sold two or three times over, is fixed for the night of Monday, June 26, and during the season several matinées are promised, doubtless for the benefit of those who live at some distance from town and are forced to leave evening performances before the end.

While it must be admitted that the programme of the Syndicate will not satisfy everybody, the fact remains that no arrangements that the wit of mankind could compass would quite succeed in doing so. There are plenty of people who

would like to see more modern operas, who would gladly limit to the memories of the older generation some of the promised or threatened revivals. But novelties as the mainstay of a season's support have been tried and found wanting. They are sometimes pleasant, and

seldom or never profitable; the expenses of Grand season frequently run into four figures for each performance, and this outlay can only be recovered by giving the work that the wealthiest and least strenuous section of the public will pay to see. The authorities incur an enormous expense to provide the best soloists, chorus, and orchestra that can be procured; and if the response to their efforts were on the autumn season basis, when many novelties were tried, the

spring and summer session of Grand Opera would speedily be numbered among the things that have been. On this account we must accept what is offered in a grateful spirit, and take pleasure in the reflection that nothing will be left undone to see that each performance is as good as talent, skill, and experience can make it.



"EVERYMAN'S" FEMININE RIVAL: "EVERYWOMAN"—
THE DEATH OF BEAUTY, IN CANTICLE III.

"Everywoman" was produced by Mr. Henry W. Savage at Hartford, Connecticut. By a tragic coincidence, its author, Walter Browne, an Englishman, died on the night of its presentation. Reading from left to right, the figures are: Miss Sama Nelson Hall as Everywoman, Miss Patricia Collinge as Youth, Miss Wilda Bennett as Conscience, and Miss Amora Pratt as Beauty.—[Photograph by White.]



NOW IN LONDON: A LADIES' BALALAIKA ORCHESTRA.

COMMON CHORD.

NELL BRINKLEY GIRLS: THE RAGE OF AMERICA.—II.



"WHAT A DIFFERENCE JUST A FEW YEARS MAKE!"—"YOU, BACHELOR, ABOUT TO BECOME A BENEDICK, GET HOLD OF ALL THE PICS. OF THE GIRL YOU LOVE BACK FROM NOW, WHEN SHE'S A GORGEOUS CREATURE IN BLACK-VELVET SHOES AND SKIRT GATHERED IN AT THE ANKLES, TO WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE KID—THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING FASHION OF TWENTY YEARS."



"THE PERPETUAL CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST."—"AND THERE IS A PERPETUAL CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST GOING ON BETWEEN THE LITTLE WHITE GOD OF LOVE AND THE BLACK DEMON OF JEALOUSY. MOST TIMES THE ARENA WHERE THE BATTLE TO THE DEATH IS WAGED IS IN THE HEART OF THE FAIREST OF THE BETTY FOLK. WHEN THE LITTLE WHITE GOD WINS THE BOUT THERE IS JOY AND HAPPINESS AND GOOD CHEER; BUT WHEN THE LITTLE BLACK DEMON WINS THERE IS SADNESS AND SORROW AND LIFE-LONG LONGING FOR THE DAYS AND WAYS OF 'MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN.'"

We continue here the series of pages (begun last week) which we shall devote to the Nell Brinkley Girl. As before, we have retained Miss Brinkley's own descriptions of her drawings.

DRAWN BY NELL BRINKLEY.

WHAT'S UP—AT OXFORD

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "ISIS."

MOST of our excitements are now over, and Term draws to its inevitable close. Since I last wrote, we have supped full of events. Toggers are done for another year, and Balliol has gone head of the river. At Toggers season it is only to be expected that the sons of men should shout for joy—if their boat has gone up one, two, three, or more places, because they are elated at their prowess; if they have gone down a half-dozen or so, because they are bound to go up next year. Anyway, Oxford has been very lively, and the newspaper reporters have secured a good deal of copy. I should rather like to know what picture of us the young man has who does the descriptions of the "rags" for the daily papers.

I think I can imagine the form it takes, with an expression of patrician wild-oatishness, and a Mr. Irving Jones' Number One Touring Company sardonic smile upon the features. But when all is said and done, we are not such very out-of-the-ordinary people; we make a little more noise, perhaps, than we shall when we have long grey beards, and hand round the plate at the village church, but, apart from that, we have little to distinguish us from anyone else. The paper which achieved the greatest fame by its description of the post-togger excitements was the one that printed on its poster, "High Jinks at — College."

"High jinks" was really an inspiration. And when the same journal went on to tell us that some Oxford residents thought that the noise of the fireworks was the sound of an explosion at the gas-works, I began to wonder whether the aforesaid residents were in possession of their senses. But, of course, the reporters had to fill up space somehow.

As if the noises which had thus made the welkin ring were not enough, Sousa and his band have been to play to us. When



WINNER OF THE THREE MILES AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY SPORTS: MR. G. E. GOWAN-TAYLOR (DURHAM SCHOOL AND PEMBROKE).

Mr. Gowan-Taylor finished in 14 min. 55 2-5 sec. Mr. C. H. Porter (St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, and Brasenose) was second; Mr. B. A. Finn (Wadham), third.

Photograph by Sport and General.

too, has been to the Town Hall, and I gather that those who usually like him, like him as well as ever.

The event which has probably drawn the most attention to Oxford from the outside world has been the visit of Mr. Augustine Birrell to the Union. I notice that Cousin *Granta*, in your columns, states that Cambridge takes its Union more seriously than Oxford. The picture which this thought calls up of an almost preternatural solemnity is really terrifying. I always thought that we took our Union far too seriously over here. The splendid people who bravely sit through debate after debate, without even the intention of speaking themselves, are the sort of stuff of which heroes are made; and I defy Cousin *Granta* to show me any more stout listeners at Cambridge. Be that as it may, Mr. Birrell's speech was certainly taken seriously, as the number of tickets issued clearly shows. I have



THE WINNER OF THE 100 YARDS AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY SPORTS: MR. R. L. LANGE (OKLAHOMA, U.S.A., AND ST. JOHN'S) FINISHING IN THE SECOND HEAT.

Mr. Lange won Heat 2 in 10 1-5 sec.; and the final in 10 sec.

Photograph by Central News.

never seen the Debating Hall so crowded before. There were eight hundred tickets issued, and nearly seven hundred members voted, so there was not much room to stretch one's legs in. Poor Mr. Birrell cannot escape the importunities of the Militant Sisterhood even when he comes to these academic halls. Several of his tormentors came up from London on the same train as himself, and endeavoured to remind him of their presence at the station; these, however, were warded off by stout police-officers and burly stewards. The best effort to attract attention to the question of "Votes for Women" only just failed of success. Some clever fellow had secreted in the despatch-box from which Mr. Birrell should speak an alarm-clock, timed to go off at ten o'clock, which could not be stopped by anything short of actual violence; fortunately, the ever-resourceful steward discovered the plot just in time, and the speech passed off peacefully from start to finish. It may be remembered that Mr. Redmond carried a Home Rule motion at the Union some years ago; his spirit must have hovered round the Chief Secretary as he voiced a similar demand. I do not remember hearing a finer piece of oratory than that with which Mr. Birrell held the House for over an hour. The figures of the division were somewhat astonishing—a majority of eighty in favour of Home Rule. Doubtless, once more, the country parsons will begin to chatter of the break-up of the Empire, and the Radical papers will begin to dilate upon the new Oxford which has come into being. But I have yet to learn that the Prime Minister takes his orders from Oxford—foolish of him, no doubt, but nevertheless true.

G. ELLIOTT DODDS.



THE FINISH OF THE MILE AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY SPORTS: MR. W. C. MOORE (FELSTED AND EXETER) WINS.

Mr. Moore finished in 4 min. 29 1-5 sec. Mr. R. D. Clarke (Private and Hertford) was second; Mr. W. L. Williams (City of London and Jesus), third. Mr. Williams won the half-mile in 2 min. 1 2-5 sec.—[Photograph by Central News.]

listening to the great man, I thought of Mr. Clerihew's verse upon Liszt—

The Abbé Liszt
Thumped the piano with his fist:
That was the way
He used to play.

The same might be said of Sousa. His playing—or, to be more correct, the playing of his band—is a series of tremendous thumps. Strange instruments, which we effete folk on this side of the Atlantic have never seen before, rear their great heads at the back of the orchestra; some of the performers look like Mr. Lawson Wood's prehistoric men, with the Megatheria, or whatever they are, coiled round their bodies. For sheer deafening noise, I should imagine that Sousa is unique: it has taken me several days to get back the ordinary hearing powers of my deafened ears. Pachmann,



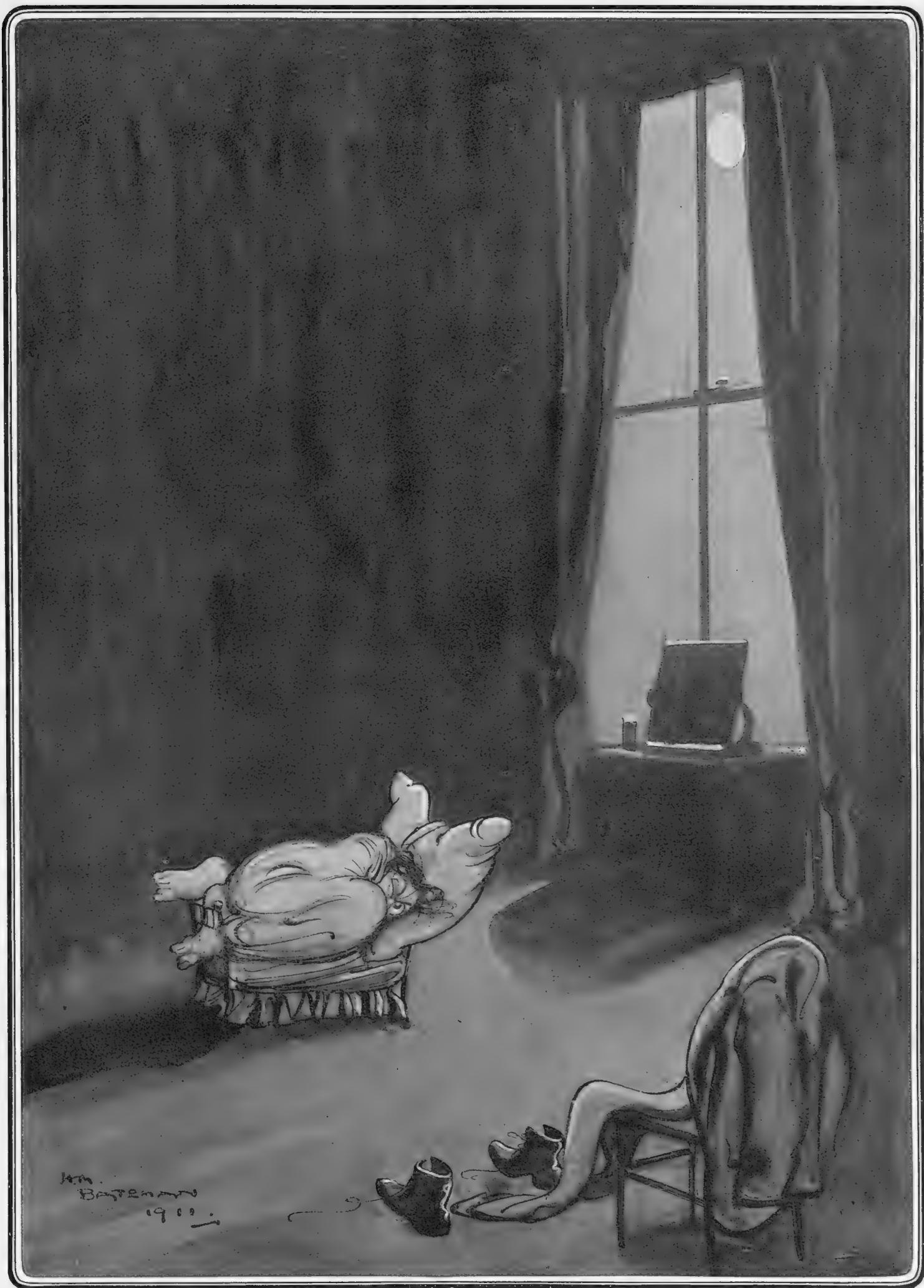
WINNER OF THROWING THE HAMMER AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY SPORTS: MR. G. E. PUTNAM (KANSAS AND CHRISTCHURCH).

Mr. Putnam's throw was 148 ft. 2 in. Mr. J. W. O. Zeigler (Grinnell College and Wadham) threw 130 ft. 10 in. In putting the weight positions were reversed, Mr. Zeigler winning with a putt of 39 ft. 9 in. to Mr. Putnam's 38 ft. 2 in.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The Ills that Flesh is Heir To.

FOR SALE



757/21

II.—INSOMNIA.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE DECORATIVE DYAK.*

IT is very evident that Borneo is to be "standardised" in the matter of clothes—if not in the matter of bread—and it is probable that but little time will pass before the aborigines of that country flaunt themselves in European attire, and exchange the silver coins whose chief use at present is merely ornamental for the gauds and gewgaws of the men and women of less natural ways. "Civilisation is coming," says Mr. Gomes, "coming quickly; and all the distinctive Dyak customs will soon be things of the past. Already the Dyak is mixing with other races in the towns, and is changing his dress for Western costume." Alas! such is civilisation! The Sea Dyak of today is generally a picturesque person. The man is as gay as the woman. Possibly, too, his wardrobe is more elaborate than hers. She is content, as a rule, with a couple of petticoats and a jacket. Her "jewels," however, make amends for anything that may be lacking in the way of "creations." On ordinary occasions she will wear a blue or red petticoat with figuring of white; a necklace of small silver current coins, fastened together with silver links; bangles of hollow silver or brass, several on each wrist; and a narrow corset of hoops of cane, round which little brass rings are arranged in such a way that none of the cane is visible. For festivals she will probably add—a comb decorated with silver filigree-work, a necklace of beads, ear-pendants, a deep collar worked with beads and coloured threads, and don a much longer corset hung with coins. For her wedding her dress "consists of a short petticoat of Dyak woven cloth which reaches to her knees. Along the bottom edge of this are sewn several rows of tinsel and of silver coins, below which probably hang some rows of hawk-bells, which make a tinkling sound as she moves. Round her waist are several coils of brass or silver chain, and two or three belts made of dollars or other silver coins linked together. From her hips upwards, as far as her armpits, she wears a corset formed by threading upon split cane a great number of small brass rings, arranged so closely together as completely to hide the cane. To this corset may be fixed two or three bands of silver coins. Her armlets of brass or silver extend as far up as her elbow. As many rings as she possesses are on her fingers, and she wears necklaces of small beads, worked in very beautiful patterns and finished off with a tassel of beads, or else a large number of big silver or brass buttons strung together round her neck. Her ears are decorated with filigree studs of silver gilt, with a setting of scarlet cloth behind the filigree-work to show them off. In her hair is a towering comb of filigree-work, to which are attached a number of silver spangles, which glitter with every movement of her head. She wears her hair in a knot, into which are stuck a number of large brass hairpins decorated with beads and little tags of red, yellow, and white cloth. She possesses a bright-coloured jacket of Dyak woven cloth; but she does not wear it—it is slung over her right shoulder."

And what of the mere man? The ordinary male attire consists of a waist-cloth, a headkerchief, and a seat-mat, the

last-named a useful part of the attire, for in his wanderings in the jungle, the Dyak has often to sit on prickly grass or sharp stones. Sometimes, too, a sleeveless jacket is favoured, together with a shawl thrown over the shoulders. The arm and leg ornaments are brass rings. The war-path dress is more elaborate. For festivals the man "sports" "a fringed headkerchief, in which are fixed feathers of the rhinoceros hornbill and other birds. His ears are decorated with lead pendants. Round his neck are necklaces of beads, and brass or silver buttons. He has shell bracelets, and brass and cane rings on his arms, and a large number of palm-fibre rings on his wrists. Round his waist is a belt of silver coins, and his sword is fastened to his side. He wears the Dyak waist-cloth, and has a *sarong* on his right shoulder."

His brass ornaments, be it said, and those of his womenfolk, may prove of gruesome use. "If the crocodile will live at peace with him, the Dyak has no wish to start a quarrel. If, however, the crocodile breaks the truce and kills someone, then the Dyaks set to work to find the culprit, and keep on catching and killing crocodiles until they find him. The Dyaks generally wear brass ornaments, and by cutting open a dead crocodile they can easily find out if he is the creature they wish to punish. Sometimes as many as ten crocodiles are killed before they manage to destroy the animal they want"—which seems rough on the innocent.

Let it be noted, also, that fashion does not stop at clothes and ornaments. "The teeth are often blackened, as black teeth

are considered a sign of beauty. . . . The front teeth are also frequently filed to a point, and this gives their face a curious dog-like appearance. . . . Another curious way of treating the front teeth is to drill a hole in the middle of each tooth, and fix in it a brass stud. I was once present when this operation was in progress. The man lay down with a piece of soft wood between his teeth, and the 'dentist' bored a hole in one of his front teeth. . . . The next thing was to insert the end of a pointed brass wire, which was then filed off, leaving a short piece in the tooth; a small hammer was used to fix this in tightly, and, lastly, a little more filing was done to smooth the surface of the brass stud. I am told the process is so painful that it is not often a man can bear to have more than one or two teeth operated on at a time."

"Shaving" would seem almost as nerve-trying. "The looking-glass and tweezers are often seen in the hands of the young men, and they devote every spare moment to the plucking out of stray hairs. Kapu, or quicklime, which is one of the constituents of betel-nut mixture chewed by the Dyaks, is often rubbed into the skin to destroy the vitality of the hair follicles. Among some tribes it is

the fashion for both men and women to shave the eyebrows and pull out the eyelashes, and this gives their faces a staring, vacant expression."

So much for a single phase of Mr. Gomes' "Seventeen Years Among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo." Let our quotations serve to introduce a book as fascinating as it is authoritative.



MAKING YARN OUT OF THE COTTON: A BRASS-CORSETED DYAK GIRL USING A PRIMITIVE SPINNING-WHEEL.

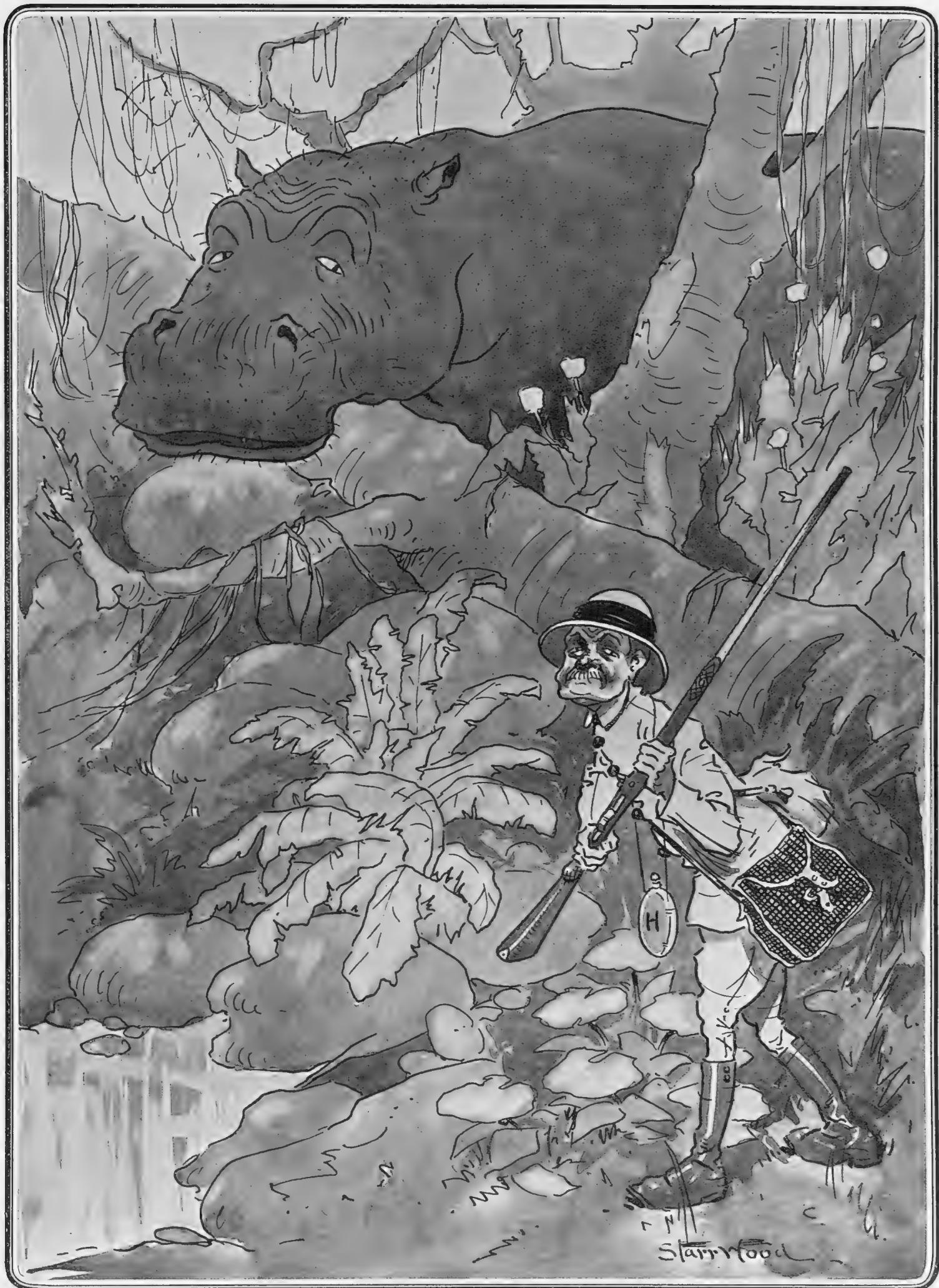
Reproduced from "Seventeen Years Among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo," by courtesy of Messrs. Seeley.



DYAK GIRLS: THE THREE ON THE LEFT DRESSED FOR A FEAST.

Reproduced from "Seventeen Years Among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo," by courtesy of Messrs. Seeley.

HIPPO - RAY !

~~FOR SALE~~

THE BIG-GAME HUNTER: I hardly like to shoot her—she reminds me so of an aunt of mine!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



LOVE'S LITTLE COMEDIES.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

THE Major had been lunching with an old brother-officer at a Service Club, and their talk had naturally enough travelled back over their wine into the remote regions of early reminiscences, where for an hour it had lingered very pleasantly.

"Ah," sighed the Major, wagging his head sadly at his wine-glass, "those days! What days they were—what mad, glad days, Tom, when you and I were young!"

"As subalterns," replied his companion, a solemn, thin gentleman with a fierce grey moustache, "we were the very devil. They don't turn out men like us now. Do you remember that little affair at Bangalore?—when we dressed up young Brown, of the Lancers, as a girl and you took her, I mean him, to the Club? Scandalised the whole station!"

"Yes," murmured the Major. "But it was you who drove him round in a dog-cart. . . . They were days! And the Murra-budda Ford—Lord! Do you remember *that*?"

"I do. You nearly got stuck by a dacoit. I never saw you run so fast."

"In pursuit of the enemy," explained the Major, winking absently at his cigar. "Saved a Tommy's life, though. If I hadn't cannoned into him, he'd have been speared, the wretched devil . . . ah, but I felt desperate, Tom, desperate that day! You see, it was just a month after I had left *her*—"

"Her?" queried the other, looking up. "Oh, to be sure—the girl at Cherripatam? I remember—fair girl, tall, awful flirt—"

"For her sake," interrupted the Major solemnly, "I have remained a bachelor to this day."

"Then you owe her a good deal," said his companion, with grim emphasis.

"Ha," said the Major sympathetically, "I forgot you were married."

The other eyed him gloomily, but said nothing.

"I have never," the Major went on, "seen her from that moment. Wonder what's become of her! Yet her image remains enshrined in my heart still. I—"

"Your heart," broke in the elder man, "holds many such images—or used to. It was a regular portrait-gallery—in those days."

"Her name," pursued the Major, unheeding, "was Clarissa." He sighed. "Perhaps, after all, it was as well that she refused me. Heaven knows, I might have married her, and—" He paused, and glanced reflectively at his friend the Colonel.

"I did marry mine," frowned the latter. "But, then, I was always infernally unlucky in everything. . . . Have a whisky-and-soda?"

Presently the two comrades-in-arms separated; and the Major found himself, half an hour later, wandering aimlessly down Bond Street. By no means a sentimental man under ordinary circumstances, he was nevertheless conscious at this moment of being unusually charged with emotion. His talk with his old friend had conjured up in his breast a hundred memories long since dormant there, and vivified in a startling manner the episodes and associations of his earlier manhood. His step became lighter, he threw out his chest with a foppish swagger, he almost imagined himself a subaltern once again, ready for conquest or adventure. . . . It was to Clarissa and those reckless days at Bangalore that his thoughts kept instinctively returning as he strolled along. Clarissa had certainly been a beautiful girl—a flirt, possibly, but a beautiful flirt; and well worth a retrospective sigh. He might have married her—if she hadn't refused him. Ah, me! those delicious "might-have-beens"! those early romances! those not-always-to-be-too-much-regretted refusals of one's hot, impetuous youth! . . . A tear trickled suddenly down the Major's cheek, or—he looked up—was it a drop of rain? A little chagrined, he discovered that it was a drop of rain—the herald of a passing shower.

The Major carried no umbrella, and, as the rain increased, he turned into a large tea-room a few steps further on for shelter.

Scarcely glancing to the left or right, he made his way to the far end of the room, where, in the shadow of a screened recess, he fancied he saw a vacant table. Not until he had seated himself at it did he become aware that opposite him sat a lady, alone. As he looked up she did the same, and their eyes met. For a moment the Major stared with growing bewilderment at the lady, then

bewilderment cleared to recognition, and he uttered a sharp though muffled exclamation.

"Clarissa!" he stammered, half-rising from his seat. "Clarissa, is it *you*?"

The lady's eyelids flickered for an instant, and she glanced down, as though to give her questioner an opportunity of withdrawing. The Major, however, had no intention of withdrawing. He recovered his composure with remarkable address, and began once more to conceive himself a subaltern.

"Clarissa," he repeated in a lower tone, and bending towards her, "do you not know me? Have you forgotten—so soon? Surely you—you—Why, I was thinking of you only this very moment. I have been thinking of you every moment since we parted."

"Indeed?" The lady raised her eyes and confronted the Major's glance with a steady look. Her eyes, though grave, held a mischievous twinkle. Her self-possession equalled the Major's. She was a slight, graceful woman, fair, decidedly pretty, and dressed in the most perfect taste. "I am not quite sure—" She hesitated. "For the moment, I . . . and yet your face—" Again she stopped, with knitted brows, obviously pursuing some vagrant and elusive memory. The Major assisted her.

"Why, Clarissa," he said, a trifle reproachfully, "surely you can't have forgotten me? I'm Brick—Teddy Brick. Cherripatam—eh? Ha! I thought you'd remember *that*! What a coincidence! What—what a marvellous coincidence! To think of our meeting like this—after I've been hunting all over the world for you for years in vain!" He paused to regard the lady opposite him more attentively. "You haven't changed a bit," he added. "You're not a day older—not a day!"

"It is certainly," she mused, half to herself, scrutinising him with a slightly puzzled look, "a strange—coincidence. . . . And—and you've been hunting for me all this time?"

"Do you doubt it?" exclaimed the Major. "Your image—your image, Clarissa, has been enshrined in my heart ever since that day—that fatal day—we parted in Cherripatam!"

"Ah," she murmured, looking down, "Cherri—! Yes, yes . . . a long time ago, wasn't it?"

"Ages!" agreed the Major—"I mean," he hastily added, "it seems but yesterday. Twenty-five years—twenty years—no, let us call it ten! Ten years have left you younger, positively younger, I do believe, and prettier than you were then!" He gazed with genuine admiration at the woman before him; he felt suddenly reanimated by the passion of his youth. Time's pendulum had swung him back into the 'twenties, and he was a subaltern once more, with Clarissa, piquant, coquettish, exasperating in her demure beauty, by his side. This was no longer a Bond Street tea-room in which they sat, but the verandah of an Indian bungalow, with the moonlight flooding the compound at their feet and the low, far-off hum of the bazaars in their ears. . . . A faint colour tinged the lady's cheeks at his words; she glanced round a little apprehensively.

"Hadn't you better order something?" she suggested. "A cup of tea—"

The Major for the first time observed one of the attendants hovering round their table; mechanically he ordered muffins. The full, rich tones of Clarissa's voice struck his fancy agreeably. He could not, oddly enough, very clearly recall her voice after so long a time, but he thought that it had improved, grown mellower, deeper, held a more vibrant note—yet her face had altered little; its comparative youthfulness amazed and delighted him. . . .

"You remember that day," he said, "that evening before the regiment left the cantonment? I have often thought since that you did not really mean to refuse me—you see, you were only eighteen, and—"

"Only eighteen and—yes?" she murmured absently.

"Well"—the Major gave an awkward little laugh—"a girl of eighteen doesn't, as a rule, know her own mind. Now, supposing I had come back a month or so later; and—"

"But you didn't!" she put in hastily.

"I couldn't," he corrected with a sigh. "The regiment was ordered to Gibraltar."

"And," she lifted her fringed eyes a moment to his, "you never—married?"

[Continued overleaf.]

ATTRIBUTED TO — !

1317
1317THE VISITOR (*who is being shown round the gallery by the family retainer*) : Ah! An Old Master!

THE RETAINER: No, Sir. That's a brother of the old master.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

"Never!" said the Major emphatically. "Not such a—I mean, I was too broken-hearted to think of such a thing. I have remained constant always, Clarissa—constant to our old sweet memory."

"That, surely, is rather a rare virtue—in men?" she hazarded, smiling. The Major reflected.

"In most men," he admitted, "I fear it is. But I am naturally of the most inflexible constancy myself. Something always kept telling me that I should meet you again one day, and then—" he took up a muffin absently and looked at it. "I wonder," he added, "I wonder if you ever had that sort of queer feeling, the feeling that we should meet again—like this?"

She shook her head dubiously. "I don't know that I ever had quite that precise feeling," she confessed reluctantly, "with regard to—you."

The Major looked a little crestfallen.

"Still," he protested, "you haven't forgotten me?"

"I am not absolutely sure that I should have recognised you," was her evasive rejoinder, "after, as you say, all this time."

The Major put down his muffin untasted. A quick sense of disillusionment had suddenly gripped his heart. The fancy that he was still a subaltern of twenty-five faded in the swift realisation that he was a middle-aged man, and that this beautiful, self-possessed woman, who had retained her own youth in such a remarkable degree, failed to recognise in him the dashing suitor of her girlhood. His *amour propre* felt hurt.

"I should have recognised you," he retorted, "anywhere!"

She put out a slender gloved hand, and toyed with her empty tea-cup. All her movements were deliberate, gently self-restrained, full of repose. This annoyed the Major. He would have liked to see her more emotional, more responsive to the calls of earlier romance, more agitated by their dramatic meeting, less indifferent to the ardour of his glances. Was it for this that Chance had flung him into the presence of his early love after a quarter of a century—to be met by well-bred insouciance, by an almost contemptuous disregard for the Past? Was it for this that he felt even now prepared, after the uninterrupted enjoyment of a well-earned bachelorhood, to renounce his liberty and become, like the Colonel, a married man? The thought drew a shade of bitterness across the Major's florid countenance; he bit his muffin savagely.

"Yes," she replied, after a slight pause, "it is very funny that you should have recognised me so immediately. You must have a wonderful memory for faces."

"For yours!" he declared fervently. "How should I ever forget it, Clarissa? Was I not devoted to you? Am I not devoted to you still?"

"Mind!" she warned quickly. "You—you'll upset your tea!"

The Major removed his cup to a safe distance. An impulse of brutal candour seized him—that curious impulse which at times drives men very foolishly to deprecate themselves in the eyes of those whose good opinion they covet. He leaned back in his chair, spread out his broad chest, and thumped his waistcoat with his fist.

"Look at me, Clarissa!" he exclaimed tragically. "I am fat. I am fifty-two. Probably you would not call me a handsome man—"

She rested her elbow on the table and surveyed the Major pensively, while a faint smile flickered round the corners of her mouth.

"Weren't you always inclined to be a—well, just a little plump?" she ventured, in a reflective tone.

The Major winced. He regretted that he had called attention to the fact; the allusion, he felt, had lost him ground.

"Yes," he admitted, "I was never a lamp-post. I hate your thin, bony men. Moreover, when a fellow's young, that—that kind of thing doesn't—count so much, eh? with—a girl...."

"Certainly not," she assented; "if the young fellow has other good qualities. And you forget, too, that I myself am no longer—you reminded me of the fact just now—a girl. How many years ago, was it, you say? Twenty? Well, that makes me close on forty, you know!"

"Rather more," said the Major, conscientiously. "But you don't look it. Besides, you're not fat."

"I never was," she said, smiling. "But I always admired gallant soldiers. You are a soldier—and, I am sure, a gallant one?"

"Gallant!" The Major puffed out his chest. "Do—do you happen to recollect the affair at the Murra-budda Ford?" he inquired, a little anxiously.

His companion, after a moment's thought, shook her head.

"No, I am afraid I don't—I was not there."

The Major looked disappointed.

"Of course you weren't," he answered. "But I thought, perhaps, you might have heard of it—a fierce frontier action. . . . However, I suppose these things don't—all—get into the papers. I was lucky enough on that occasion to save a poor devil's life—one of our privates—a mere trifle. . . ."

"An heroic deed!" she commented softly.

"Ah," went on the Major, with a tragic expression, "I was desperate—desperate that day! I positively courted death. My recklessness amazed those who had hitherto known me as a cool and cautious young officer. And why? Shall I tell you why, Clarissa?"

"Pray do," she said.

"Because I had lost you! Life seemed no longer worth living. The girl I adored, whose image filled my heart and has ever since lain enshrined there, the angel I worshipped had refused me! That's why!" The Major leaned back and heaved a profound sigh. His companion lifted a pair of large sympathetic eyes slowly to his face.

"How you must have loved that—lost girl!" she murmured.

"Loved her!" He passed one hand across his forehead, and let it fall heavily to the table. "I doubt if any girl was ever before loved so furiously. It was a magnificent passion. And now—now"—the Major stooped suddenly forward, and his voice sank to a confidential key—"I have found her again, after many years of fruitless search, of lonely wanderings, of unavailing regrets, of baffled hopes, I have found her once more—in a London tea-shop. Clarissa"—the Major's face shone with triumph—"I have found you at last!"

His companion drew back slightly as he tried to clasp the hand with which she still toyed with her teacup.

"Yes, it is all very pretty and romantic," she answered, glancing down, "and—and interesting. . . . But, you see, my name does not happen to be—Clarissa."

"Eh?" ejaculated the Major, starting. "Not Clarissa? You don't say so!"

"I do," she replied, raising her eyes to his. "What is more. I never heard of Clarissa till you mentioned her just now; I was never in Cherrijam—never in India—in my life."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the Major, surveying her with a new interest. "Then you're not Clarissa—after all?"

"No, and"—her lids drooped demurely—"I am not forty—not nearly forty. I am not quite thirty—yet."

"I could have sworn it!" declared the Major, bringing his hand to the table with a thump. "Didn't I say you weren't a day over twenty? But what a remarkable, what a significant likeness! I was positively deceived for the moment into imagining—into forgetting, in fact—that twenty years had elapsed since I last met Clarissa."

"Am I *really* like Clarissa—was?" she asked, idly tracing a pattern on the table-cloth with her slender finger.

"You are infinitely prettier," the Major protested warmly. "And, Madam"—he leaned towards her—"permit me to add that I am not at all sorry to find myself mistaken. To be quite candid with you, I was not in the least anxious to meet Clarissa again—"

"Oh, fie!" she remonstrated. "Remember your broken heart—your reckless bravery—your years of hunting—your baffled hopes—your magnificent passion—your—"

"Stop!" begged the Major, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "These—these retrospective sentiments were inspired solely, I assure you, by your gracious presence. I believed for the moment that you must be Clarissa rejuvenated. I should not have pursued this belief an instant had you not been so beautiful, so—"

"Stop!" she cried in turn. "You must not talk like that. Recollect we are entire strangers. We do not even know each other."

"That," retorted the Major, sighing, "is the greatest misfortune of my life." If I might be permitted to repair it—?

"Clarissa," she said mischievously, "would possibly be jealous."

"Clarissa," said the Major, waving his hand with a gesture of dismissal, "is no more to me now than a beautiful dream; whereas you, Madam, you are a beautiful reality—"

"But are you sure that her name *was* Clarissa?" the lady interrupted.

"Almost positive," the Major declared. "Of course, it's a dicken of a time ago now, but . . . Anyhow, Clarissa was *one* of them—"

"And the others?" she broke in. "Are they, too, all 'beautiful dreams'?"

"Some of them," said the Major reflectively, "might better be described, perhaps, as nightmares. . . . Ah, Madam—if I had but met *you* then!"

"You would probably have found me very uninteresting," she observed carelessly. "I must have been—let me see—about three years old."

"True," admitted the Major; "I forgot. A charming age, but immature. . . . I am happier to meet you—now."

"And that," she said, drawing her reticule towards her, "reminds me that it is quite time we—parted. I expect my husband every moment. He promised to look in here for me on his way back—"

"Your husband!" gasped the Major, cutting her short.

"Yes." The lady smiled at him amiably. And, by-the-way, he is a most frantically jealous man, and horribly quick-tempered. Perhaps—"

The Major rose slowly to his feet.

"Madam," he murmured, "if only you had been unmarried— but a hasty gesture from her checked him. A tall, broad man, who had just entered the shop, was elbowing his way towards their table. "Hush!" she warned. "Here he is!"

The Major cast a swift side-glance at the newcomer, bowed, took up his hat, and, uttering a deep sigh, breathed—

"Farewell—Clarissa!"

Then he walked jauntily out into the street.

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

LORD HARDWICKE worked for two years as a working miner. He was "Charlie," or "No. 126," and earned union wages on a ten-hundred-feet level in Montana. Not long ago he told Mr. Lloyd George that he knew a Duke who worked in a garden every day, and had biceps as good as a Billingsgate fish-porter—this by way of answering the Chancellor of the Exchequer's charges of ducal malingering. Lord Hardwicke is as handy with levers and petrol as with rudder and the tides. A crafty sailor in any craft, he could probably steer a motor-bus in the Strand as safely as a liner to New Zealand, whence comes his bride-to-be, Miss Russell. He

has captured for himself the nickname already earned by a member of his own family in the Post Office, Lord Hard-work.

The Denmans.

Lord Denman takes youth and a youthful spirit to Australia. Once upon a time a gunshot wound in South Africa threatened to damage



SON OF MR. AND MRS. A. B. LESLIE-MELVILLE: MASTER ALEXANDER LESLIE-MELVILLE.

Photograph by Bassano.

his career, for it threatened the loss of a leg. Since then Sussex, his favourite county, has nearly proved disastrous, for in the Crawley and Horsham Point-to-Point Races of two years ago he met with a very nasty fall. In spite of all, he goes to Australia, the land of the only animal that uses a sort of walking-stick, without a crutch. At their house in Buckingham Gate, formerly occupied by Lord Sudeley, Lord and Lady Denman, taking advantage of a specially fine ball-room, with a musicians' gallery all complete, had already given a foretaste of the entertaining to which the new appointment now, unfortunately, puts an end—on this half of the world, anyway.

Again a Lord-in-Waiting. Last year Lord O'Hagan resigned the Ministerial office of Lord-in-Waiting.

because he could not square his conscience with the service of a Government whose attitude towards the House of Lords he disapproved. But he has not been able to get entirely quit of Liberalism; and his engagement to Miss Strachey, which makes him unofficially a lord-very-much-in-waiting, will perhaps smooth the road of Party reconciliation. With his future father-in-law,



A GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDNIECE OF ROBERT EMMET, THE IRISH REVOLUTIONIST: MISS EMMET.

Miss Emmet is a descendant of Thomas Addis Emmet, brother of Robert Emmet, who, as a leader of the United Irishmen, headed an unsuccessful rising in Dublin in July 1803, an exploit for which he was hanged in the following September. Thomas Addis Emmet, also a leader of the United Irishmen, emigrated to New York in 1804, practised law there, and in 1812 became Attorney-General of the State. He died in 1827. Robert Emmet escaped to the Wicklow Mountains after the rising, but, coming back to say "Good-bye" to his sweetheart, Sarah Curran, was captured. Moore celebrates the event in his poem: "She is far from the land where her young hero sleep." —[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

Sir Edward Strachey, he has much in common. Both, for instance, have done practical work in keeping the labourer on the land. Lord O'Hagan's garden scheme for the men on his own property is one that endears him to Sir Edward; and if he has ever heard stale jokes of a mother-in-law, he can boast that his at least is a real authority in the realm of humour, for she edited the letters of Edward Lear, of nonsense-rhyming fame.

Anglo-Russian Alliance. Countess Benckendorff and Countess Nathalie Benckendorff, who are seeking rest in the South of France, will return to the Russian Embassy in

good time to cope with the charmingly elaborate preparations for April 28. On that day, Countess Nathalie and Mr. Jasper Ridley will be married at the Russian Chapel, Welbeck Street, according to the splendid rite of the Russian Church. Its bearded priests could give lessons in sacerdotal



SON OF CAPTAIN FRANCIS AND LADY CONSTANCE GORE: MASTER CHRISTOPHER GORE.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE WIFE AND THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW PEER: LADY TENNANT AND HER FAMILY.

Sir Edward Priaulx Tennant, Bt., has just been created a Baron of the United Kingdom on his appointment as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The new Peer is the eldest son of the late Sir Charles Tennant, and was born in 1859. He sat as M.P. (L.) for Salisbury from January 1906 to January 1910, and was for some time an Assistant Private Secretary to the Secretary for Scotland. In 1895 he married Miss Pamela Genivieve Adelaide Wyndham, daughter of the Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham. He has four sons—Edward Wyndham, born in 1897; Christopher Grey, born in 1899; David Francis, born in 1902; and Stephen James Napier, born in 1906. His only daughter, Clarissa Madeline Georgiana Felicite, was born in 1896.

Photograph by H. C. Messer.

deportment in Canterbury or even in His Majesty's Theatre. Even Rome perforce admires the ordering of Russian religious services; and so at least thinks one eminent English Catholic, who, after having strayed into the Russian chapel one Sunday, petitioned the Pope that he might in future hear his weekly Mass of obligation there. Needless to say, this aesthetic favour was not granted.

The Palace Dinner-Parties. King George V., though he has a sharp eye for precedents, enjoys now and then a little novelty. His Majesty's large dinner-parties are devised on a plan all his own. The company at the last party included Ambassadors, Generals, Admirals, political big-wigs, Agents-General, and the Lord Mayor. The dignified Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster and one Nonconformist minister were also bidden to the board—a quite "new departure." The Lord Chamberlain was rather at his wits' end where to place Archbishop Bourne, who was finally sandwiched between the Earls and the Viscounts, and had the Earl of Halsbury on one side of him and Viscount Midleton on the other—an arrangement which seemed to please everybody.

ON THE LINKS

BY HENRY LEACH.

Afraid of the Game? Those who, in the error of their ways, or by the necessities of their unfortunate situation, cut their practical golf down to little or nothing in the winter-time, just at this present time begin to realise a new difficulty that has arisen in their case. Here and there in the week, as by a strange freak in precocity, a real spring day comes bobbing up amidst the monthly damp and gloom. As for the golfer, to whom the seasons and their vagaries do make so much difference, he feels on rising that his time has also come; he takes a colder tub; he telephones to the office to satisfy himself that the wheels of commerce will turn for a day without his assistance; he gets out his clubs, considers them and handles them, and then—this is a positive fact—after some violent exchanges in his mind, he telephones again to the office and says that he is coming after all. And, with the sun and the birds and the whistling butcher's boy all seeming to mock him, he goes. Why does that golfer change his mind? Because he has come to feel that

are at fault, so they should be put through a course of training. Captain Cecil Hutchison, a splendid authority on these matters, recommends squeezing spring dumb-bells, and a simple little exercise consists in holding the arm out straight with the fist clenched and then bending the fist alternately in each direction as far as it will go, remembering in all business of this kind that the left hand and arm need at least as much exercise as the others, or more. Ordinary dumb-bell exercise is a good thing, too, as a general loosener; but it is not nearly so effective for golfing purposes as might be imagined, as it operates on so many muscles that are not only not needed in golf but are really best kept quiet. Another good golfing exercise is to stand straight up with arms outstretched sideways, and then to bend over from the waist in each direction alternately, varying this afterwards by twisting half-way round at the waist and then bending as far as possible each way, as before. This action works on those muscles which are used when getting body-twist into the strokes,



THE FIRST INTER-TERRITORIAL LADIES' GOLF TOURNAMENT, AT WALTON HEATH: THE SOUTH-EAST TEAM (THE WINNERS) AND THEIR SECRETARY.

The first Inter-Territorial Ladies' Golf Tournament, concluded at Walton Heath on Tuesday of last week, resulted in a win for the South-East team, shown above, who defeated the South-West in the final round by 7 games to 2. The names (reading from left to right) are—standing, Mrs. Besley, Mrs. Kennion, Miss Evans, Miss Heming-Johnson, and Miss M. E. Phillips (Secretary); sitting, Miss D. Barker, Mrs. F. W. Brown, Mrs. Durlacher (Captain), Mrs. Cuming, and Mrs. Jackson.



THE LADIES' INTER-TERRITORIAL GOLF TOURNAMENT AT WALTON HEATH: THE MIDLANDS TEAM.

The Midlands were beaten by the South-East (the winners) in the first round by 8 games to 1. Mrs. E. C. Bewlay, the captain of the Midlands team, is seated in the centre.

he is not only hopelessly out of form—that was to be expected—but that he is sadly out of condition also: that his golfing muscles are all out of trim, and that if he attempted to play he would stand a very good chance of making a donkey of himself. Whether he is of the four or twenty-four handicap variety, he decides not to take the risk.

Training Systems. One thing that used to puzzle me years ago was why, when resuming the game again after a long spell of absence from the links, the ball always jarred on the club and felt like a lump of lead, even though the man to himself seemed fit enough, his liver was in good order, the day was fine, his swing was full and free, and he really did hit the ball well. Of course it was a matter of muscles somewhere, and I think now that it is almost certainly the wrists and fingers that



RUNNERS-UP IN THE LADIES' INTER-TERRITORIAL GOLF TOURNAMENT: THE SOUTH-WEST TEAM.

In the first round the South-West team beat the North by 6 games to 3. In the final they were beaten by the South-East. The South-West captain, Miss P. C. Collett, is seated in the centre.

the said muscles being among the stiffest of the lot after idleness from golf. But it is no use doing any of these things for just three minutes once a week. I know a very good and very thorough golfer who has ideas of his own in this matter, and they are sound ones. When preparing for golf after long absence from it, he does much swinging with a golf-club in the privacy of his own apartment, taking care that the swings are executed exactly in the proper golf way, with the full turns of the wrists and at the waist, and body and head kept perfectly steady. Then he does some skipping-rope exercise twice a day (and there is no exercise that is finer for all the muscles), goes for long walks, and includes a short trot among them sometimes, and has two or three Turkish baths in quick succession. That man gets on at the game.



THE LADIES' INTER-TERRITORIAL GOLF TOURNAMENT: THE NORTH TEAM.

The North team was defeated by the South-West in the first round by 6 to 3. The captain of the North team, who is seated in the middle, is Mrs. Richardson.

Photographs by Sport and General.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

First Aid from the Scouts.

Members of the A.A. and M.U. who have had reason to be grateful to the uniformed scouts of their association for warnings as to danger-zones and assistance during road-stops for tyre and other troubles will shortly find these useful officials ready and equipped to render first aid in cases of bodily injury. By the generosity of Mr. H. S. Wellcome, an enthusiastic member of the A.A. and M.U. and a member of the world-famous firm of Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome, and Co., the scouts are each and every one to be provided with specially



IN HER 15-H.P. AUSTIN TOWN LANDAULETTE:
MISS CLARICE MAYNE.

designed cases, which will boast all the requisites necessary to first aid to the wounded. All patrols are in future to be required to attend a course of instruction and to obtain first-aid certificates. I am informed by Mr. Stenson Cooke that the men are taking the keenest interest in the work, and that it will not be long before every member of this admirable body will be duly qualified to render succour in first instance. Only the other day, a cyclist who had been foolishly hanging on to a car lost grip and was pitched on to his head on the road. He was knocked senseless and seriously hurt. The patrol stationed at Redhill was quickly on the scene, and rendered very timely aid.

Improvements Indicated.

There are certain features in the design of automobiles at which invention seems to be marking time. The change-speed gear is the most salient point, for herein inventors are apparently resting on their oars. Except for minor but necessary and valuable improvements in gear-striking and locking devices, and in material, we are not greatly advanced beyond the contrivance to which the pioneer Levassor referred in such neat terms. When reproached by an engineering friend with the crudity of sliding moving toothed gear-wheels sideways into mesh, he replied, "Yes, it is brutal, but it serves." It is certainly brutal, but less brutal to-day, and it works better than of yore. Motor-omnibus designers are pointing the way for their brethren who concern themselves with pleasure-cars, for there are motor-omnibuses running on the London streets to-day which are fitted with chain-driven change-speed gears, absolutely silent. The first-class pleasure car should not come second to the motor-omnibus in this respect, and when so much running is done on top speed, silent chain-drive from the primary to the secondary gear shaft would be a step in the right direction. This would only be a further application of chain drive, for it is becoming quite frequent now as between crank and cam-shafts.

The Gear-Box in the Brake to Go. Then, matter of brakes also, things stand very much as they were with the majority of cars. I am quite aware that leading people, like Argyll Motors, Ltd., and two or three others, are fitting brakes to the front wheels, in order to do away with what is even more barbarous than the gear-box—the

transmission brake. It is long since this brake has had anything over and above its power to recommend it, for it is that, and that alone, which makes for its retention. It usually overhangs the rear bearing of the gear-shaft, and its stopping influence reaches the road wheels through two flexible joints—the bevel-drive and the live axle. When one remembers how one has felt these brakes applied—indeed, has been at times obliged so to apply them to avoid mishap—the staunchness of the modern motor-car remains a matter for astonishment. But it is undesirable that mechanism the chief duty of which is to drive should be called upon to withstand



A CAR SO MADE THAT IT CAN PULL ITSELF OUT OF DITCHES WITH EASE: THE "CAPSTAN" ON THE HUBS OF THE REAR WHEELS, AND THE BLOCK AND TACKLE IN USE.

Our correspondent supplies the following details with this photograph: "The problem of extricating a heavy motor-car from sandy or wet ground which gives no purchase on a steep grade has been solved in an ingenious manner by an American motor-driver, Mr. L. A. Nares, of Fresno, California. This is accomplished by means of a device like a capstan on the hubs of the rear wheels of his car and the aid of a block and tackle and five hundred feet of rope. Using the power of the engine, he is able to pull his car out of tight places which would put most cars *hors de combat*. Our photograph shows an experimental test."

Photograph by Fleet.

such untoward strain, and it will make for greater durability and longer life when the brake vanishes from this part of the chassis altogether.

A Hand-Pumped Siren!

It is nothing short of an axiom that at the huge establishment of Messrs. Alfred Dunhill, Ltd., in Euston Road, the motorist will find everything his soul can desire but the car. He may render himself there with his chassis and body naked—car-body is meant, of course—and he will certainly not come away ashamed. Messrs. Alfred Dunhill, Ltd., have always some new and interesting accessory added to their store, and the latest to be brought to my notice is a neat hand-pump-operated siren, which, as a road-announcer, is greatly to be preferred to the squeeze-bulb horn and many other road warning instruments of the kind. The siren gives out a penetrating but not an irritating note, and can be sounded with more or less vigour on both the up and down stroke of the



A 90-H.P. "DRAGON": A GREAT BEAST MADE OF THREE MOTOR-CARS "PATROLLING" SAN FRANCISCO.

One of the chief features of the recent Chinatown festivities in San Francisco was the huge dragon, made of silk and tinsel, which figured in the street parade. Hitherto, the "beast" has been borne on the shoulders of a score or more Celestials, but at the last festival the modern note asserted itself and the dragon was drawn by motors. It was mounted on three cars coupled closely together, and had to be driven with extreme caution owing to the hilly nature of San Francisco's streets.—[Photograph by Fleet.]

pump-handle. The sound from the rotor is delivered through a flexed pipe to a trumpet fitted outside the car in any convenient place; but the siren-actuating-pump can be attached to the side of the car inside, handy for use. A spare siren is supplied with the apparatus.

(Continued on a later page.)

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Finding Winners. The majority of the little punters work hard to try and find the winners of the two big handicaps of the season—the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National; and I am told that the Continental list men have laid more double events than usual this year. It has been a very open winter, and

Jockeys to Follow. Good jockeys are very scarce on the flat, and I, for one, have contended that those trainers who have, say, twenty horses under their charge should at least try and tutor one good apprentice. In the coming season I expect Frank Wootton—who, by-the-bye, is putting on weight



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A CURIOUS SPILL: A MISHAP AT THE FIRST JUMP IN THE HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE AT THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES' POINT-TO-POINT, AT SMEETH, NEAR SHORNCLIFFE CAMP.

In the Heavy-Weight Race, Mr. B. W. Jackson's Altamont was first; Captain Rennie's mount was second; and Mr. H. C. Porter's Merlin was third. The ground was heavy, and there were a number of falls during the meeting.—[Photograph by Topical.]

many of the Lincoln Handicap starters will be fit; and finding the winner should be a task indeed this year. Owners do not throw their commissions into the market until the eleventh hour, so that market knowledge is of no avail in these times. Many backers lay very great stress on the training reports, and these show that the majority of the likely runners have been doing good work from seven furlongs up to a mile and a quarter; but some horses do not require strong work. Take the case of Fulmen, who beat Bread Knife in this race. He had done very little strong work before the day of the race; while Corrie Roy, who won the Cesarewitch, seldom galloped more than six furlongs in his preparation for this race. In another column will be found my fancy for the event. The Grand National will, as usual, be the medium of big speculation. Jerry M. has been coupled with several of the Lincoln horses in big double events, and if he is successful the bookmakers will be losers. Many good judges contend that Mr. Assheton-Smith's champion will not give the weight to several other horses engaged. The French horse, Lutteur III., is being backed by Continental sportsmen, and he should run well. Axle Pin, who is trained at Weyhill, is certain also to run well. He is to be ridden by A. Anthony, who was successful on Ambush II. in the colours of the late King. Glenside, who will be the mount of F. Mason, is a grand 'chaser, slow but sure. He has run well over the course, and is just now at the top of his form. He is very likely to be placed.

fast—will ride plenty of winners, as the Hon. George Lambton has several useful horses under his charge; while Mr. E. Hulton, the Manchester newspaper proprietor, has several promising horses under the charge of Wootton senior. Frank Wootton is what may be termed a "heady" boy. He is a wonderful judge of pace, and he has a good nerve. He seldom rides a flash

finish, which is one of the worst faults in the case of a young jockey. D. Maher, who has wintered in St. Moritz, is, I am told, very fit. He has been working hard at curling, bobsleighing, and tobogganning—sports that seemingly he prefers to fox-hunting in England. Maher will get all the riding he requires this season; and his average is certain to be good, as he will be often able to choose his mounts. He will continue to ride for Lord Rosebery, Mr. Fairie, and Mr. L. de Rothschild. For the latter he will very likely ride Pietri in the Derby, unless it is decided to run St. Anselm instead. Maher will, too, often don the colours of Mr. J. B. Joel when he is available. Mr. Joel has a good stable of horses, and is very likely to stand higher in the list of winning

STARTER OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES' POINT-TO-POINT: SIR CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.
Photograph by Sport and General.

owners this year. Trigg is always a good jockey to follow. He can ride a medium weight. He is very fast away from the gate, and he can invariably ride a resolute finish, as he is as strong as a lion. Of the light-weights Winter and Hunter may do the best.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES' POINT-TO-POINT, AT SMEETH: A REFUSAL AT THE ROAD JUMP DURING THE FARMERS' RACE.

Mr. Hobbs' Lady was first; Mr. Murray's Bennett, second; Mr. J. Spanton's Weasel, third. The five events of the meeting were the Light-Weight Race, the Heavy-Weight Race, the Open Race, the King's Challenge Cup, and the Farmers' Race.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**A Modern
Don Juan.**

The modern Don Juan, according to the latest sociologists, is more occupied in running away from the Fair than in pursuing them for his own amatory ends. An amusing novel, written by M. Marcel Boulestin and Mr. Francis Toye (the first time, I fancy, that a Frenchman and an Englishman have collaborated in fiction), illustrates this twentieth-century attitude to a nicety. "The Swing of the Pendulum," the story of a young French matron who pursues remorselessly, and finally elopes with, a handsome American savant, could only have been written by two intellectual specimens of modern France and modern England. Here we have the Shavian woman who hunts the reluctant amoret, intent only on grasping her own happiness, quite oblivious of husband and child; and the coldly flirtatious lover, who has to be thrust, almost by force, into a railway-carriage with his inamorata, and who is "seen off" on his innocent elopement by his best friend. That all turns out well in the end is part of the comedy, which, laid in a certain tiny seaside place in Brittany, not unknown to literary circles in Paris and London, has an atmosphere of sunshine, of gaiety, of open air, which makes it agreeable reading. A book, in short, which should be in every up-to-date hammock and in every theorist's punt.

**Those Unplucked
Roses.**

There are some terribly sentimental and inferior verses occasionally inflicted on us by reciters at charity matinées, which affect to deplore the chances which the poet has missed, the roses which might have been his for the plucking. And the other day some pessimist declared that "the saddest form of decoration for one's rooms are the roses one might have gathered, but didn't." Now, both these

statements show a singular lack of knowledge of human nature. For the roses which you do not gather are always fresh and blooming; they never lose their suave scent, their glorious colour, their velvet texture, their air of splendid assurance. But pull the flower from its cool stem and carry it into the turmoil of the world. In a very short time it is a hideous, withered, brown object, which has to be hastily thrust out of sight lest it be an offence to eye and nostril. The roses which are never plucked from the best of all decorations, and that is why some women and many men — and they are always people who "count" — never marry the persons they love most, while some never marry at all. It is not these strong-natured folk who sit down to puke about "what might have been." They know that illusions are made of the most

with a kind of halo round their heads, and it is precisely these illuminated folk who cherish, but do not pluck, their roses.

The English Girls' Little Vanities. If English girls have a trait which, according to that amusing Japanese observer, Mr. Yoshio Markino, marks them out especially from those of other nations, it is an insatiable desire to try on everything they see. He declares, in the *English Review*, that a young female Briton cannot see even a curio without ascertaining its effect on her throat, her wrist, or her hair, and he is amazed at the variety of skins, feathers, stones, stuffs, and metals which, when rich, she contrives to put on her person. But he is quite keen enough an observer of social manners to see that all this anxiety for fine feathers is induced by keen competition in a society which takes small thought for the welfare of its feminine half. The girl has to fight for herself, and though, when she emerges from the combat with a victim of her bow and spear, it is euphemistically stated in the morning papers that "a marriage has been arranged," it is the Young Person herself who, nine times out of ten, has done the "arranging." In the same review Mr. Sidney Low foretells a time when

"we may live to see Mr. Ramsay Macdonald bringing in a Bill to provide marriage portions for working men's daughters out of the proceeds of a duty on imported millinery." If such a piece of class legislation is mooted, the professional man's daughter should arise in her thousands, for it is she, and not the working-man's child, who is in need of a dowry, while the cheap Parisian hat is now one of the most cherished weapons in her armoury.

A Wholesome Topic.

Not often in London do we get a topic of conversation which engrosses all ages and all classes — men and women, boys and girls, materialists and spiritualists, men-about-town, suburban spinsters, and all the diverse varieties which make up our civilisation. When we do have a universal subject of controversy, it is too often some sordid murder case, a matrimonial difference in exalted circles which cannot be ignored, or a dancing-girl remarkable for the airy scantiness of her garments — subjects, in short, with more than a flavour of the morbid and the perverse. Once such a topic takes the town, its popularity is not only overwhelming, but it speedily becomes tedious, because nothing extraneous has the slightest chance of being discussed. Therefore, the sudden advent of our latest subject for the dinner-table (it is, indeed, eminently appropriate at meals) is not only delightful as a novelty, but has all the singular, unfamiliar charm — for Londoners — of the innocent and the wholesome. In every grade of society people have something to say on this burning topic, for, in the words of the poetess, "all can get the flower now, for all have got the seed." It has, moreover, that universal appeal which something edible alone possesses. I need not insist that I am talking of Standard bread.

A PRETTY VISITING GOWN.

The gown is in dove-grey satin-de-laine, the tunic being slightly gathered at the side, and held by trimming of corded silk. The bodice is finished with a wide turn-over collar of broderie anglaise, with a little vest of the same material.

fragile stuff, that roses are eternally beautiful only in dreams — in short, that you cannot eat your cake and keep it. There are people — we have all met them — who pass through life radiantly,



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[Copyright.]

A NEAT YACHTING COSTUME.
The costume is in white serge. The little coat has a deep sailor collar of butcher-blue cloth, which also trims the cuffs. Small gold buttons are added, with three larger ones on the skirt. Rather wide silk cord simulates panels on the skirt, and marks the waist-line of the coat.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Queen's Train. Her Majesty's train, dress, and train-bearers at the coming Coronation will make a superb picture. It is too soon to say in detail what it will be, but the colour-scheme will be a magnificent contrast, and the splendid and lavish embroidery entirely symbolic on both dress and train. The robes will be unique, and will doubtless be worn for the second time when the Queen is with the King on his Coronation as Emperor of India. Her Majesty has, it is announced, elected to have her train carried by a bevy of young girls, who will, like bridesmaids, wear a uniform costume; the King's mantle will be held by royal pages. The names of the girls selected for this high honour have now been officially announced. They are Lady Mary Dawson, the tall and handsome, dark-eyed daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dartrey (Irish); Lady Eileen Butler, the pretty, tall, slender young daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough (Irish); Lady Dorothy Browne, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare (Irish); Lady Eileen Knox, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly (Irish); Lady Mabell Ogilvy, daughter of the Countess of Airlie (Scotch); Lady Victoria Carrington, second daughter of Earl and Countess Carrington (English), her father being Acting Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain.

The Ducal four Canopy-Bearers. A 11 of the Duchesses who are to bear the canopy over the Queen's head at the Coronation are tall—three of them exceptionally so. All are very handsome. Their Graces of Portland, Sutherland, and Montrose all acted in a similar capacity at the last Coronation; the Duchess of Hamilton is a recruit. She is a tall and fair and remarkably handsome woman; a splendid wife and mother. The King is godfather to her second son.

Worthy of Where Great Worth. is the woman

whose eyes do not brighten at the thought of a Worth gown? In this year, when we are patting ourselves on the back over all things British, we can give ourselves a good extra pat for having given to Paris her great Worth, into whose shoes has stepped a son no less great as arbiter of fashion. Well, I was privileged to see some of the models of the branch establishment so well known to all women of fashion at 4, New Burlington Street. They were perfectly lovely gowns in line, colour, and texture. Space being limited, I will try to word-picture just three. An under-dress of purple satin of a soft crocus shade, over it royal purple chiffon in long lines, with a graceful, slim effect, yet flowing; the skirt opened, and all down either side bordered with a tracery of small diamonds in graduated lines forming a scalloped edge. The waist-line was where Nature dictates, but a high effect was obtained by a wide band of dahlia-red satin, over which, in bold and successful contrast, was a large ornament of purple bead-work. The sleeves ended above the elbow with diamond-work, and the under-skirt of chiffon was caught up a little with a dahlia-red rose. Next came a wonderful gown, the colour of the inside of a water-melon, of

crêpe-de-Chine, magnificently brocaded with gold in large flower-clusters, bright and dull. One sleeve was finished with a pearl pomegranate growing up it; the other was fringed with diamonds. A line of pearls followed the folds of the crossing bodice at one side, and a band of brilliants the other. The back was formed of one big flat pleat, at one side of which was a clou of diamonds. The front of the skirt was skilfully draped in long folds, caught under a long-fringed diamond ornament. The third gown was of great distinction, of black charmeuse and deep creamy-tinted rich Venetian guipure. Again, the lines were long and graceful, the satin and the thick, rich lace forming a delightful contrast. The ornaments were a girdle showing only at the back and front, of platinum, set with brilliants. The sleeves were of a fine network of platinum set with brilliants. There are quantities of bewilderingly beautiful models at this well-known establishment to tempt those who desire to make or keep a reputation for smart dressing through this memorable season.

To Greet the days turn Sunshine. The spring turns the mind to personal and household embellishment. No one can face the sunshine in shabby clothes, any more than they can enjoy it in dingy surroundings. The art of cleaning is well understood of Achille Serre, a firm with branches all over London and the provinces. Their processes are wonderfully efficacious, and they are quick, and moderate in price. A new departure will be greatly appreciated by unattached men. For five pounds a year the company undertake to keep men's clothes in perfect order. There is absolutely no part of a wardrobe that they cannot clean, and do it beautifully. A booklet issued by the company is well worth obtaining, as it gives full directions, prices, and advice.



MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH, ON THE NEWS OF WHOSE ILLNESS IN SWITZERLAND
MR. AND MRS. ASQUITH LEFT AT ONCE FOR LAUTERBRUNNEN.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith, who is thirteen, is the elder child of the Premier's second wife, and with her little brother, Mark Antony, stayed on at Mürren when their mother returned to England for the opening of Parliament. Devoted to winter sports, she caught a chill while skating, and was taken down to Lauterbrunnen. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith left London suddenly on Thursday night. Little Miss Asquith is very popular. She played Puck in a Shakespearean masque at Lord Londesborough's last year, and she has also appeared in the character of bridesmaid. She is suffering from bronchial pneumonia. On Sunday she was said to be slowly improving.—[Photograph by Ulyett.]

honey flavour; and Standard Wholemeal, made from pure home-grown wheat, containing upwards of eighty per cent. of the grain, including germ and semolina. "Scotch Shortbread," "Sultana Sandwich," "Cream Puff," "Digestive," and "Forfar Shortbread" biscuits, made by this firm, are great favourites, as they well deserve to be.

A Handsome Bride. Lord O'Hagan's bride-elect, Miss Frances Constance Maddalena Strachey, is handsome in the way an open-air, healthy, fine English

girl should be. She is very tall, well built, free in every movement, and fair, with bright, honest eyes. She is very artistic, and draws and paints well. A favourite companion in her country walks is a fine Great Dane; she is fond of all dogs and horses.

Messrs. G. Street and Co., Ltd., of 30, Cornhill, E.C., and 8, Serle Street, W.C., have had the honour of receiving a Warrant of Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 22.

ON THE LOOK-OUT.

THREE is a fair-sized bull account in many of the markets round the Stock Exchange, and this operates against the better tone that should be induced by the reduction of the Bank Rate to 3 per cent. In the Home Railway and the Rubber Markets there are too many bulls, some of whom have little money but considerable risks; and when the latter overrun the former, there comes trouble. Plenty of people are willing to back both Rails and Rubber: they don't care to, however, so long as the situation is confused and perturbed by streams of liquidation on any small rise. The Home Railway Market is the better off, because investors are still taking stock pretty freely, and the investment demand is a powerful factor in some of the other departments round the House. Kaffirs are being depressed in a manner which awakens passive interest that will change into active on any indication that the sagging is near its conclusion. In the West African boomlet it is hard to conjure up much confidence.

TWO RAILWAY STOCKS.

From a correspondent who agrees with the favourable views we expressed regarding Central London Preferred stock as an investment we have received two other interesting suggestions. He writes—

One of the cheapest Home Railway securities, to my mind, at present is the 4 per cent. Preference stock of the London Electric Railways, recently offered by Messrs. Speyer Brothers at 82½, with full dividend payable in August next. The public did not seem to appreciate the attractiveness of the issue, and the underwriters were not fully relieved, the stock being obtainable now at about ½ discount free. At this price, taking the turn in interest given, the yield is very nearly 5 per cent., and the stock has considerably more margin of earnings behind it than is the case with Central London Preferred Ordinary. Weekly traffics show satisfactory increases, and the amount available for interest on the £9,450,000 Ordinary shares should, for current year, be about £120,000, or practically the same sum as is required to meet the charge on the total issue of £3,150,000 4 per cent. Preference. The scrip to bearer is not exchangeable for registered stock until some time after Sept. 1 next, so the security is easily negotiable for at least six months or more. District 4½ per cent. Preference, on which the full interest is being earned, is also, to me, attractive, showing £5 5s. per cent. yield, and, no doubt, next year there will be a considerable margin of earnings behind it.

It is necessary to add to this that the District 4½ per cent. Preference, although earning its full dividend, received only 3½ per cent. in respect of last year.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The end of the Stock Exchange year always brings a heap of work to the Committee, in the way of entering new members and new clerks, and the old ones like to know what passes at these interviews, which are so comical in their staid solemnity. You enter a room of splendid proportions, the walls hung with portraits of past Committeemen, and in the centre of the chamber runs a long table, flanked by two shorter ones. Along one side of the tables sits a row of members of the Committee, every man of them looking as though he were about to try a prisoner for his life, and—supposing you are a candidate for the honour of membership—the Chairman of this sub-Committee has a stern little talk with you. Inviting you to be seated, he may lead off with a polite inquiry as to whether you have ever compounded with your creditors, or filed a petition in bankruptcy. Passing by, as though of no consequence, such vital points as the age of your mother-in-law, and whether the children have had the measles, he may blandly ask if you are a British subject. You need not worry about inquisition being made into your views on Suffragettes or the harem skirt; but the Chairman is quite likely to ask point-blank what you want to become a member for, and it is just as well to give a true answer, because there is nothing much to be gained by prevaricating, like some men do. Sometimes the interview is embarrassingly long; sometimes it is so brief that the victim himself does not realise how quickly it is over. Last week a nervous candidate had not discovered where to put his hat underneath his chair before the Chairman had concluded the examination, and the budding member was still looking for a temporary hat-rack when the great man repeated with some asperity that "That is all, thank you." Then, after the lapse of a few days, the candidate receives the official letter, on official blue paper, acquainting him with the fact that he has been elected a member of the Stock Exchange; and the pride of receiving it almost robs of its sting the postscript saying that payment must be made, etc. That letter is cherished by every Stock Exchange man far above rubies or De Beers, and he carts it about in a pocket-book until the blush of glory wears thin, after which it gets stowed away with the office correspondence if he's a broker, or with the dog-license if he's a jobber.

And within six months he is, in all human probability, lamenting that he had ever seen "this something-or-other place," and wishing he had taken to a calling which did not consist mainly of tossing for half-crowns, playing dominoes, or giving excellent advice to clients who acted upon it through some other broker.

So now you can't go away and say I haven't told you all about it, anyway.

The sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents. has given way to the Famished Fight for the Five per Cents., and, my budding-broker friend, if you are eager to do well in your profession, take an old fogey's advice and have at your tongue's tip always a list of good 5 per cent. securities. This is not fooling. Make a careful study of really good securities of this kind—and especially where there are chances of a rise in price—and I can almost guarantee that you will make not only a reputation, but money as well.

Now, the Foreign Government Market used to offer a very happy hunting-ground for such a quest, but of recent years the demand for securities of this type has sent prices up to such an extent that while 5 per cent. can be obtained with quite good security—as, for example, Argentine 5 per cent. issues—the scope for appreciation is limited, and, of course, if prices don't go up, there is no object in

getting your people to sell and to exchange into something else that is likely to turn out profitably.

We are not in the City purely for the benefit of our clients, of course, but their interests are ours, equally of course; and while the average man doesn't want a fidgety broker who is incessantly getting him out of one stock into another, he does appreciate the sagacity of a man who writes, say, six months after he has invested £500, pointing out that a profit has accrued of forty or fifty pounds exclusive of the dividend, and suggesting that as the security is now, perhaps, fully valued, it might be judicious to sell it, especially as some other investment named looks cheap, is neglected, and will probably come into favour before long. The client, nine times out of ten, will be perfectly willing to act upon your advice, and, what is more, will give your name to other men as a trustworthy guide, and so you snowball your business along, perhaps in what may appear a very slow and humdrum way for a year or two, but very substantially all the same.

Mistakes you can hardly avoid. There are times when what looks like an excellent security may turn out to be a bitter disappointment; but, with care, these things happen seldom. The great thing is really to take trouble and pains at getting hold of promising things, and, of course, being blessed with a commonsense way of regarding the prospect, not necessarily of the moment, but of the future.

"Oh, yes," I hear you say, budding broker mine, and his client too, "all this is fine enough on paper, but everybody knows that investment business isn't sufficient to keep the Stock Exchange going, and we would much rather be able to jump in and out of speculations quickly than weary our heads with considerations of what you call merit. We want to give (or take) tips. Never mind about the other part of the show." True, true, every word of it. On the other hand, speculation may be stagnant; you may give (or get) bad tips; your luck may run right out for a time, and everything you do go wrong. There are times when a broker knows he is useless as a speculating medium, just as there are others when he cannot do the wrong thing. In the former case, is it of no use to have a solid investment business to fall back upon? Do you not charge more commission, and fairly so, on investment business, with all its manifold detail of office work? Is that not to be considered in the scheme of your bread-and butter? Do you—

I beg your pardon for the undue length of this disquisition. It has gone far beyond the limits, I feel, of your patience and that of Sketch readers who have toiled so far as this. Yet, a wise man may sometimes learn from a fool, and that you are the former I am convinced as fully as that I am.

Saturday, March 11, 1911.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MAJOR PARTICK.—Your letter was answered on March 6, and for your reply to ours we tender you our thanks.

LELIA.—"Safe?" We should say most decidedly not.

A. M. L.—We replied to your letter on the 6th inst.

YANKEES.—Your first letter arrived too late to be answered in last week's Issue of the paper. Of the eleven American Railroad shares you mention we should choose Erie, Rock Islands, and Southern Common. All very speculative, of course.

A. J. E.—Grand Trunk Railway First Preference stock, Hudson's Bay shares, and Southern Alberta Land shares.

LOTUS.—(1) Rather a doubtful purchase, we consider. Would rather buy something else. (2) You will probably get a run for your money by holding, but it's just a toss-up. (3) Not bad; you could do much better, though. Please refer to our last week's notes on Rubberettes.

CASH.—Our advice would be to deal with a good firm in the Stock Exchange.

GAMMA.—While we believe the dividend on the Preferences to be well covered, the Company is not much liked in certain circles, and we should advise you to choose something else.

ANXIOUS.—The Company, we believe, is having rather a struggle in consequence of fierce competition in this line of business, and we should not choose to hold the Ordinary shares for ourselves. The market price is about 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., and there are sellers about.

NEPTUNE.—We regret having no information about this particular Rinking Company, but should suggest your writing to the Secretary, asking why the dividend, which you say was due, has not been paid.

LEFT.—It is one of the most curious anomalies that, although there may be keen demand for underwriting, the public subscription may be comparatively small, and you are not singular in the experience so neatly described in your pseudonym.

SANTA MARIA OIL-FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA, LTD.—The subscription lists opened on Monday for an issue of 100,000 £1 ten per Cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares at par in the Santa Maria Oil-Fields of California, Ltd., which has a capital of £1,000,000, divided into 250,000 10 per Cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares of £1 each, and 750,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. The Company has been formed to acquire 875 acres of freehold oil lands belonging to the Palmer Annex Oil Company, and one-half interest in a further 160 acres, also freehold, the property being situated in California. It is estimated that the profits will amount to £258,250 per annum, which can be maintained, according to the same estimate, for twenty-five years at least.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Gatwick these should go close: International Hurdle, William Penn; March Steeplechase, Friction; Tyro Steeplechase, Slow Leopard; Moderate Hurdle, St. Carlo; Tantivy Steeplechase, Peterloo; Gorse Hurdle, Shrubb. At Hurst Park I like these: Bushey Steeplechase, Shady Girl; Richmond Hurdle, Shrubb; Spring Hurdle, Portland Bay; Open Steeplechase, Lutteur III.; Novices' Hurdle, Meridian; Hampton Hurdle, Book; New Century Steeplechase, Newgrange. At Lincoln, I think the Lincoln Handicap will be won by Battle Axe, and I like Spanish Prince and Fort for places.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

"Sunny Countries." Bibendum, whose activity is almost feverish, has just issued another Guide. This time it is devoted to motoring information concerning "Sunny Countries," and will be welcomed by those lucky favoured ones who can ship car and away south to escape the English winter. The sunny countries dealt with include Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, Italy, and, of course, the South of France. Those who know their France and Italy, and sigh for fresh countries to motor, will find Algeria and Tunis quite practicable countries. Of Algeria the Guide says: "The network of roads is very satisfactory, numerous, and well kept, wide and well rounded. The roads of Tunis are perhaps in even better condition than those of Algeria. The autumn and spring are the most favourable seasons for touring in these countries—indeed, from March to the middle of May is the best period for Northern Africa. Itineraries for a stay of fifteen days or a month are given. The countries referred to are dealt with as to hotels, depots, *sites et monuments*, exactly as in the other Michelin Guides.

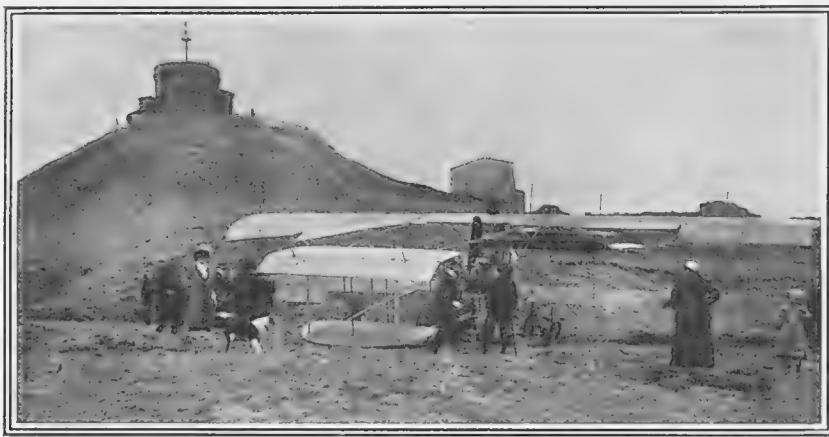
Paris—Puy with Passenger. Even at the risk of being considered tiresome, a further reference to Michelin is necessary by reason of the fact that another huge Michelin prize has been won. The great Clermont house, desirous of attracting attention to their beautifully situated town, offered a prize of £4000 to any aviator who, accompanied by a passenger, would fly from Paris to Clermont-Ferrand, in the Auvergne. The feat was complicated by the condition that the much-daring airman

and his companion should not land in or about the town, but, after encircling the great cathedral-tower, should soar away for the summit of the Puy de Dôme, Clermont-Ferrand's cherished and dominating ancient volcanic mountain. The only landing-place at the summit of the Puy was regarded as so unsuitable that, when the feat was first contemplated last year, it was considered that, even if the summit were attained, the airman must assuredly smash up his aeroplane in the descent. But this wonderful flight has been made without a hitch from start to finish. The distance as the crow flies is about 210 miles, and the Puy de Dôme is 4813 ft. in height. The successful aviator was M. Eugène Renaux, an old professional cyclist, motor-cyclist, and automobilist, and his much-trusting companion was a M. Senonque.

The W.O. Spurred Somewhat to Action.

and probably by reason of the storm of criticism provoked by a recent ill-considered speech, the War Office has resolved to form an aviation corps in connection with the Regular Army. It will start with a strength of 190 men, and will be added to as time goes on, for it is intended, apparently, to create a body of military airmen, ready to take the field with troops at any time. The members of this corps are also to be

trained in the use of man-lifting kites and ballons. The qualifications of officers offering for this corps have been well considered. Candidates must not be over thirty years of age, must have had not less than two years' service, and must be specially recommended by their commanding officers. They must have gained an airman's certificate, have general experience of aeronautics, speak foreign languages, and be something of engineers. Their weight must not exceed 11 st. 7 lb., and they must be single.



LANDED ON A MOUNTAIN AFTER WINNING THE MICHELIN £4000 PRIZE BY A RECORD FLIGHT : M. EUGÈNE RENAUXT AND HIS FARMAN BIPLANE AT PUY DE DÔME. M. Renaux last week won the Michelin prize of £4000 by a record flight of about 210 miles with a passenger, from Paris to Puy de Dôme, where he landed on the mountain-side, after encircling the neighbouring cathedral of Clermont-Ferrand at a height of more than 3000 feet. He did the journey in a little over five hours, with one stop, at Nevers. His machine was fitted with a Renault motor. The photograph shows the Observatory on the Puy de Dôme with the ruins of the Roman Temple of Mercury. It also indicates the bad landing surface.



LIFEBOUY SOAP

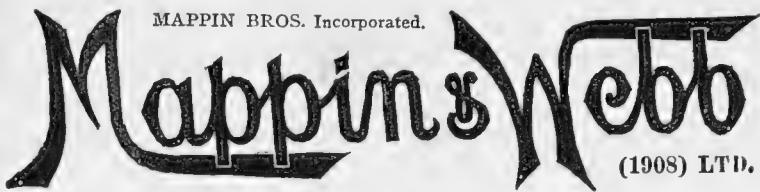
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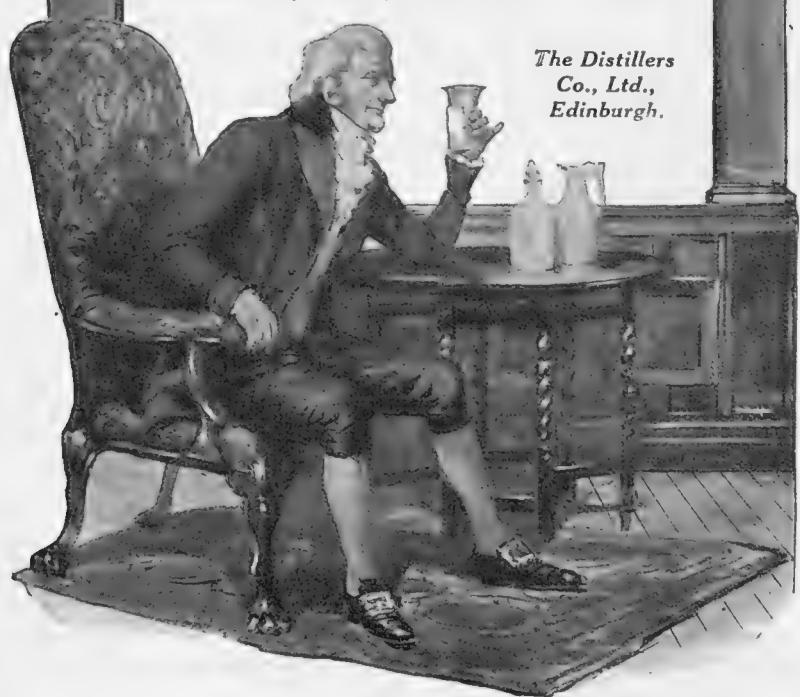
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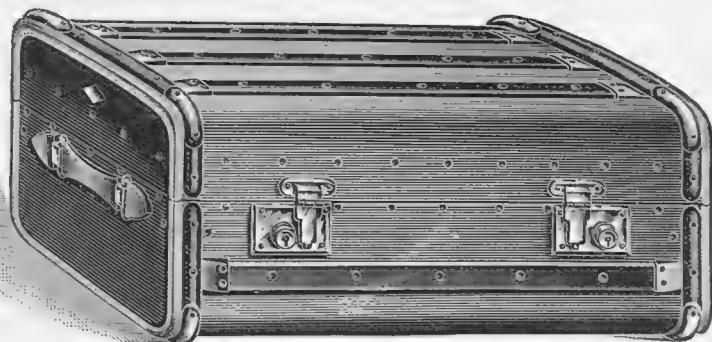


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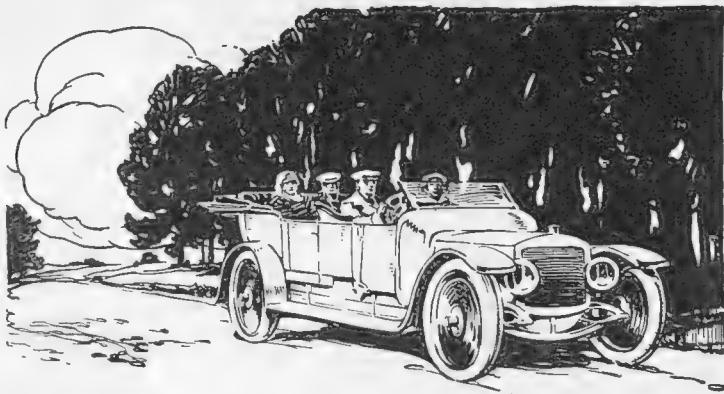
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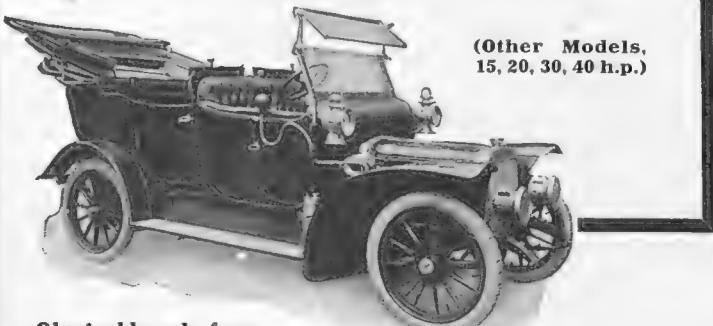


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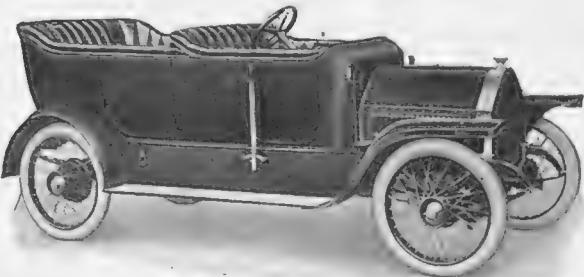
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Pump Rooms are not
surpassed by any Conti-
nental resort.

Municipal Bulgarian
Health Milk a feature.

*Booklet free from Town Clerk,
Royal Leamington Spa.*

FOOT'S "ADAPTA" BED-TABLE.

Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair, without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed with ease and comfort. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 44 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is a modern Home Comfort, instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, and numerous other purposes of emergency and occasional character that are continually occurring in every household.

PRICES.

No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Stained Oak Top	£1 7 6
No. 2.—Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray and Automatic Book-holders (as illustrated)	£1 15 0
No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but with Polished Oak Top and superior finish	£2 5 0
No. 4.—Complete as No. 3, but with all Metal Parts Nickel Plated	£3 3 0

Carriage Paid in Great Britain. BOOKLET A 13 FREE.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 13), 171, New Bond Street, London, W.



The Morning-Bath

is not complete without some "4711" Eau de Cologne added to it. The "4711" cannot fail to enhance the invigorating effect of the Bath. It enlivens and rejuvenates the whole System. Therefore the constant use of "4711" is the Essence of Modern Hygiene.



Only the Eau de Cologne actually distilled at Cologne can claim the original composition. The "4711" has ever since 1792 been distilled exclusively at Cologne, after our own original recipe.

Sold
everywhere.

Try the 1/6 box of "**No. 4711**" Eau de Cologne Soap.

INVINCIBLE TALBOT

The car of yesterday—Efficiency
The car of to-day—Reliability
The car of the future—Perfection

Silence, Ease of Control, Speed, Hill-Climbing Powers, and low Petrol Consumption
—are component parts of the

INVINCIBLE TALBOT

Press Notice.

"Taken as a whole, the 15-h.p. Talbot is probably at the head of its class."

—"Pall Mall Gazette," Nov. 5, 1910.

CATALOGUE AND SPECIFICATIONS FROM

CLEMENT TALBOT, LIMITED,

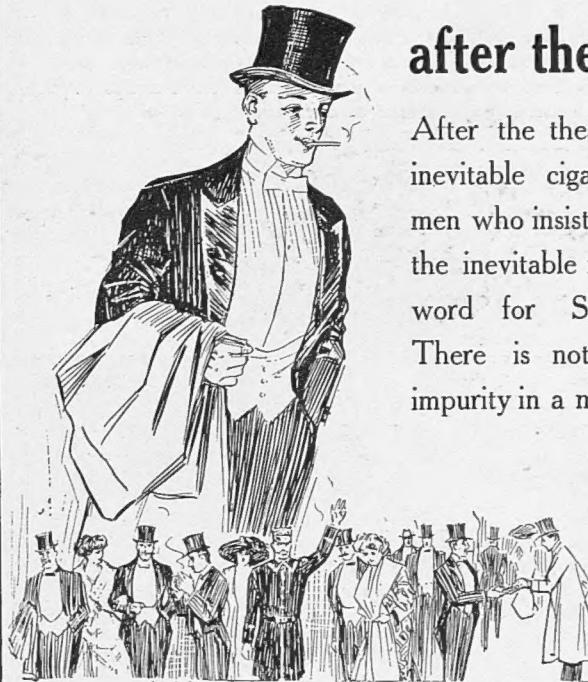
Barby Road, North Kensington, LONDON, W.

Telephone: 5006 Paddington (four lines).

Telegrafs: "Clemtal, London."

STATE EXPRESS

CIGARETTES



after the theatre

After the theatre comes the inevitable cigarette, and to men who insist upon the best the inevitable is only another word for State Express. There is not an atom of impurity in a million of them.

No. 555:
100, 25, 10,
4/9, 1/3, 6d.

Sole Manufacturers:
ARDATH TOBACCO CO., LTD., LONDON.

THE SIMPLE WAY

of cleaning footwear is
the "**NUGGET**" way !

For Black Leathers.

Just a smear of "NUGGET" applied briskly with the brush, and a light finishing touch given with the "Selvyt" Pad or soft cloth.

Result: A Rapid, Brilliant, and Lasting Shine.

For Brown Leathers.

Just a smear of "NUGGET" applied with a clean rag, a little brushing, and a finishing touch given with the "Selvyt" Pad or soft cloth.

The "NUGGET" Brown Polish shines and also cleans the leather.



'NUGGET' BOOT POLISHES

The above directions are printed on the back of each "NUGGET" tin. The "NUGGET" way is so satisfactory, simple, and rapid, that a busy man or woman will cheerfully, when travelling, clean his or her own boots, and look proudly at the brilliant result. This task would be made still easier by the use of the "NUGGET" Polishing Outfits, which are sold at 1/- and 1/6 (cardboard box), and 1/3 (metal case), the very best value on the market.

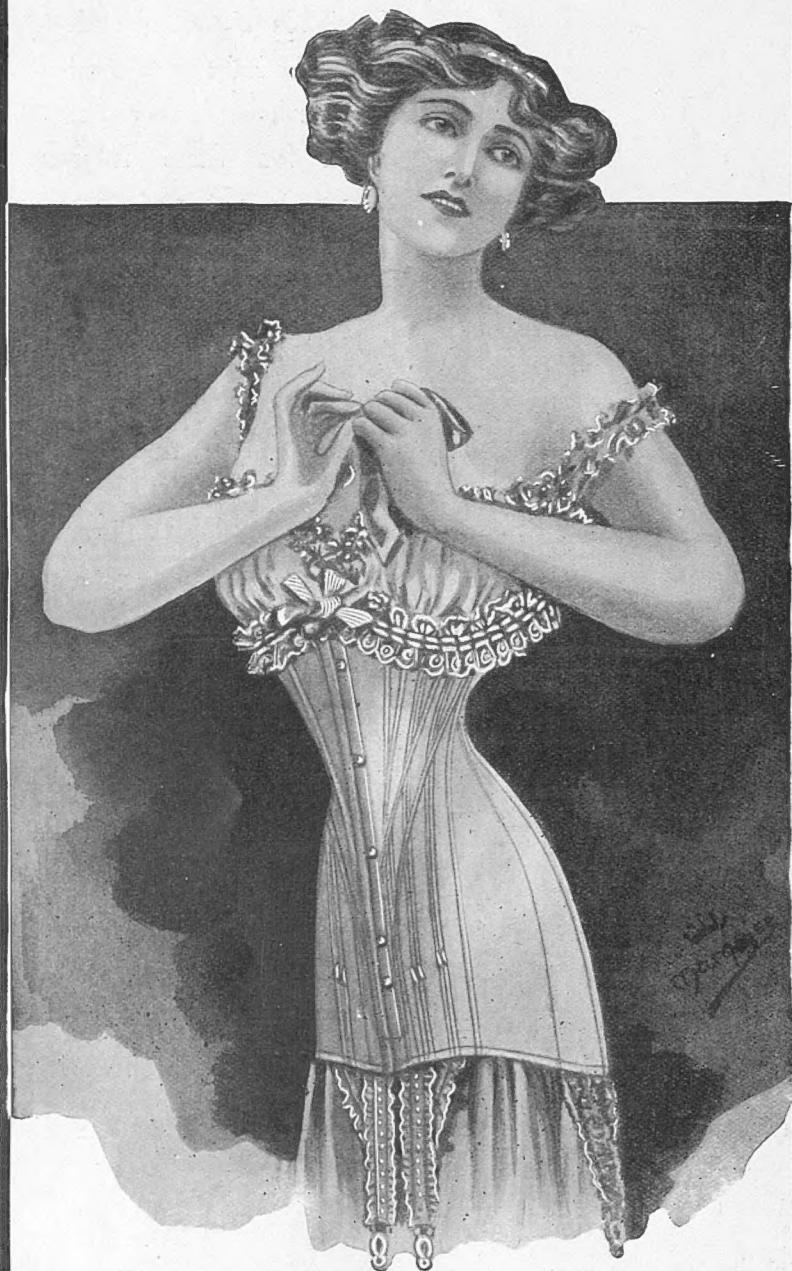
French Corsets in every type,
style, and material kept in stock

LONDON CORSET CO.

28, New Bond Street, W.

THE WEAR OF ALL CORSETS GUARANTEED.

The Corsets in the windows of the London Corset Co. are an indication of the coming season and fashion. The beauty and design of these Corsets are not only unsurpassed, but unequalled in London or Paris. All ladies should see them.



ELEGANT CORSET, in white Coutille fairly low in bust and very long on hips (see sketch), specially meeting the present-day requirements. These Corsets are practically identical in shape with those worn by the leading ladies of the theatrical profession.

Price £1 5 0

Including two pairs of Suspenders.

Sent on approval upon receipt of satisfactory references.

7, RUE DE LA PAIX
PARIS

4, NEW BURLINGTON ST.,
LONDON, W.

WORTH of PARIS

begs to announce that his
Models . . .
can henceforth only be
obtained at his London
and Paris establishments.

Telephone . . .
1360 Gerrard.

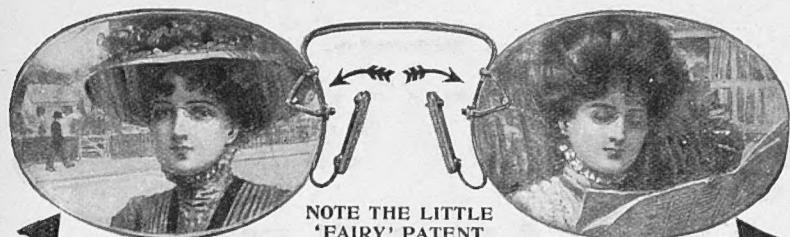
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Portrait of a Little Girl
brought up on
Savory & Moore's Food.
Extract from parent's letter:—"Now, at two years, she
still takes it, and likes it better than anything else."

SAVORY & MOORE'S BEST FOOD

A little Book giving full particulars and useful Hints on Infant Management, may be obtained Free from Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, New Bond Street, London.



NOTE THE LITTLE 'FAIRY' PATENT

You never heard anyone say that 'Fairy' Glasses spoilt their looks — on the contrary, all who wear them declare that they look more attractive with them than without. Any sight can be suited with the elegant, almost invisible, rimless 'Fairy.' Royalty wear them, people of fashion wear them — if you need glasses you should wear them too.

DOLLOND 'FAIRY' INVISIBLE EYEGLASSES

Illustrated Booklet Free by Post. Seven days' Free Trial can be had if desired.

ALL OPTICIANS STOCK THEM

Beware of inferior imitations. Every genuine pair of 'Fairy' Eye-glasses always have the trade-mark 'Fairy' stamped under the bridge.

DOLLOND & CO. Ltd. The Royal Opticians

223, Oxford Street, W. 35, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
5, Northumberland Avenue, W. 62, Old Broad St., E.C.

FOR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE

IMPERIAL HAIR DYES &c.



• ONE LIQUID.

- No. 0...RAVEN BLACK
- No. 1...BLACK
- No. 2...DARK BROWN
- No. 3...LIGHT BROWN
- No. 4...GOLDEN BROWN
- No. 5...GOLDEN

• NO. 6...HAIR GROWER.

HARMLESS AND PERFECT.
PERMANENT & ODOURLESS.

2/6, 3/6, 5/- & 10/6
(PRIVATELY PACKED).

J. BRODIE & Co., 41, MUSEUM STREET, LONDON.

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?



He is said by those who have consulted him to be greatly gifted, and to describe one's life with wonderful fidelity.

The "GRAPHIC" says:

"His delineations are nothing short of marvellous."

"BLACK AND WHITE"

says: "He has given some astonishing results."

The "COURT JOURNAL"

says: "Has some remarkable psychic powers."

LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU says: "The Chart is wonderful."

SEYMOUR HICKS, the celebrated actor, says: "It is indeed marvellous."

MRS. KENDAL, the great actress, has written to him, saying: "You have astonished me with your accuracy. It is marvellous."

Send him your birth-date, enclosing 1/- P.O. and Stamp.

DO IT NOW. YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

PROF. KENDAL L.S. 89 Regent St., London, W.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 4/-

9 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.
YARD.

Guaranteed
fast Black and
Colours,
1d. yd. extra.

CASH
Distribution
of £500
among users of
"Tobralco."

Full particulars
on free Coupon
with every pur-
chase.

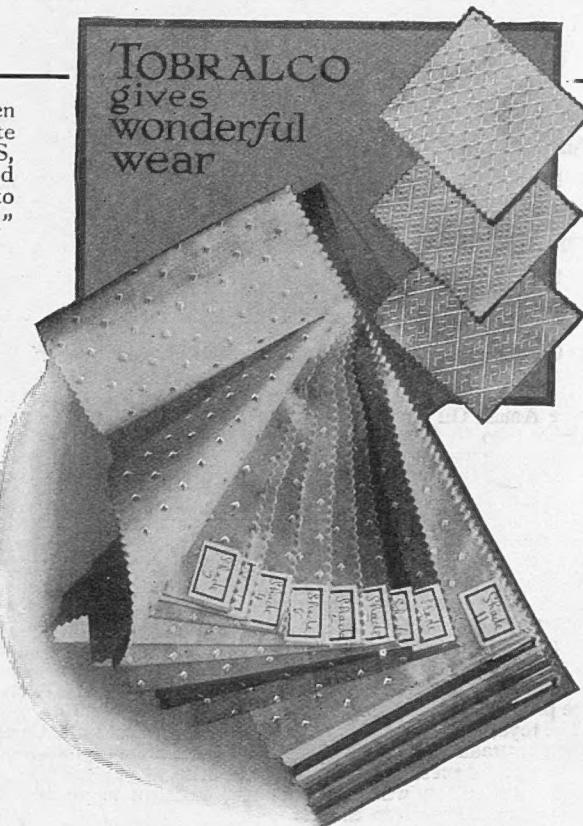
British-made Cotton Wash Fabric.

TOBRALCO

In White guaranteed fast Black and Colours

The guaranteed cotton Wash fabric for ladies' and children's wear. Self patterns in dainty White, and in washable Colours. At your drapers'. Look for name on selvedge.

TOBRALCO
gives
wonderful
wear



CARPET BEATING

PATENT STEAM

CARPET BEATING

COMPANY LTD.
196, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, N.
CARPETS, SHAMPOOED.

COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE.

Hands Covered with ITCHING Spring PIMPLES

LAST Spring," writes Miss Edith Sainsbury, of "The Nook," South View Avenue, Caversham, Oxford, "irritable Pimples came up on the backs of my hands. The skin seemed to dry up, and the itching was so acute I felt like tearing the pimples off. To my dismay the pimples burst and discharged matter, while at the same time my hands swelled and got very sore. The doctor's blood mixtures and ointments and various other well-known ointments were tried, but with disappointing results. I was seriously handicapped in my work, for my hands were most unsightly.

"A friend got me to try Zam-Buk, which did good from the very first. Zam-Buk was wonderfully soothing, and at the same time it drew out all inflammation and itching. One by one the horrid sores were removed until my hands were quite clear and were covered with a new skin. There is not the least trace of the outbreak now. Zam-Buk is simply splendid."

The only way to get entirely rid of Pimples, Blotches, and all other Spring Skin troubles is to gently rub into the skin some Zam-Buk, the rich herbal balm which purifies the pores, stops irritation, kills disease germs, and thus prevents eczema, ulceration, and blood-poisoning. Zam-Buk is obtainable at all Chemists or the Zam-Buk Co., 45, Cow Cross Street, London, E.C.

Zam-Buk
MADE THE SKIN CLEAR & HEALTHY.

MISS E.
SAINSBURY
CAVERSHAM

A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states, amongst other things, that: The Subscription List is now open, and closes for Town and Country on or before Wednesday, 15th March, 1911.

THE

SANTA MARIA OIL FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA,

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

LIMITED.

Capital - - £1,000,000, in 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each.

Divided into 250,000 Ten per Cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each, and 750,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

Issue of 100,000 Ten per Cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares at Par.

Payable 2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 2s. 6d. per Share on Allotment, 5s. per Share on May 1, 1911, 5s. per Share on June 1, 1911, 5s. per Share on July 1, 1911. The Preference Shares entitle the holders to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the amounts paid up thereon, and on winding up to repayment of capital in priority to any repayment of capital on the Ordinary Shares of the Company. They also entitle the holders thereof to participate further *pari passu* with the Ordinary Shares in the surplus profits of any year, after a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. has been paid for that year on the Ordinary Shares.

The Directors propose to pay the fixed dividend on the Preference Shares half-yearly in January and July, a proportionate payment being made on the 1st July, 1911.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY JOSEPH CHINNERY, J.P., Fringford Manor, Bicester; Director Mexican Central Railway Securities Co., Ltd.
FREDERICK HURDLE, Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, E.C.; Chairman, Marston, Thompson and Evershed, Ltd.
EDWARD SEABORN MARKS, A.R.S.M., 8 and 9, Walbrook, E.C., Director British Burmah Petroleum Company, Limited.
*CARL LEONARDT, Los Angeles, California; Director of the Mexican Petroleum Co.
MICHAEL LLOYD BRAITHWAITE, Los Angeles, California; Director of the Palmer Annex Oil Co.
*JAMES MCKINNIE, Los Angeles, California; Vice-President Exchange National Bank of Colorado Springs.

*Directors of the Palmer Annex Oil Company who will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS.

PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., and Branches.
BROKERS.

FOSTER & BRAITHWAITE, 27, Austin Friars, London, E.C.
PARTRIDGE & GREENFIELD, 2, Diapers' Gardens, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

TRAVERS SMITH, BRAITHWAITE & Co., 4, Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., 3, Frederick's Place, London, E.C., and San Francisco.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICAN TRUST CO., Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

into production at the beginning of April, and the other two are at the approximate depths of 700 ft. and 600 ft.

When these three wells are all at the producing stage a minimum daily average production of 3,000 barrels a day may be regarded as assured, or, say, 1,000,000 barrels per annum.

The cash working capital provided by the present issue of Preference Shares will be £50,000. This amount will be ample, not only to complete the three wells now drilling, but also to provide all necessary storage on the property, and proceed vigorously with further drilling.

It is anticipated that from results already achieved a production of 10,000 barrels a day from the Company's own wells can be reached within a reasonable period, and that this production can be largely increased by more extensive development.

Estimate of profits on the above basis:—

From royalties as above	£18,250
From Company's own wells (from a production of 10,000 barrels per day at an estimated net profit of 40 cents per barrel for 300 days only)	240,000
		£258,250

Equivalent to over 25 per cent. on the entire capital of the Company, which on Mr. Orcutt's estimate, can be maintained for 25 years at least.

Copies of the Full Prospectus and Forms of Application can be obtained of the Company's Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors and Auditors, and at the offices of the Company.

Philip Morris Cigarettes

There is no reason for the large sale of the BOND STREET CIGARETTE among "people who know"—other than its superb quality.

Offer your friends the Bond Street Cigarette.

You can give them no better.

The smoker of a BOND STREET CIGARETTE tastes to the full the utmost enjoyment that can be got out of smoking.

The BOND STREET Cigarette in original brown boxes—PRINCE'S OVAL in green boxes—MORISCO (imported Egyptian) may be obtained from all high-class tobacconists or of

PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD.
22 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

FACTORIES: LONDON, NEW YORK, MONTREAL AND CAIRO.

PAQUIN, LTD.—A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

AT the fourteenth annual general meeting of Paquin, Ltd., held the other day at the Cannon Street Hotel, the results of an exceedingly prosperous year were announced. The Chairman, Sir John Barker, stated in his speech that there had been a total profit of over £98,000, some £21,000 in excess of last year. A dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares is to be paid, making 15 per cent. for the year, and £12,755 has been carried to reserve. Speaking of Mme. Paquin, the Chairman said: "Her gifts are so various that it is hardly too much to say the success of the Company is largely due to her inventive faculty, her capacity for administration, and the devoted service rendered her by every member of the staff." Warm tributes were also paid to the work of Mme. Paquin's brother, M. Henri Joire, who was also present.

Mme. Paquin herself addressed the meeting, and was received with great applause. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "you have had the pleasure of hearing the result of a very good year announced, and I hope the report has given you every satisfaction. This result has not been attained without much thought, effort, and hard work on the part of all working in the business. I have to thank the Board for their uniform consideration and ready advice. I should also like very much to express my appreciation of the invaluable help rendered by my brother, M. Joire, whom you have seen before, at the meeting held last year. I have nothing more to add, except to offer you my thanks for the warm welcome you have just accorded me."

Another feature of the proceedings which aroused much enthusiasm was the re-election of Mr. William Mendel as a Director of the Company, which was proposed by Sir John Barker, and seconded by Mr. H. K. Newton, M.P. Mr. Mendel, in his reply, recalled the fact that his association with the Company went back to the very beginning of its existence, or "to use an Irishism," as he said, "a little beyond the beginning," for it was he who bought the business, at the time existing only in Paris, from Mme. and the late M. Paquin, formed the Company, and established the London branch. He said that Mme. Paquin's whole heart, ambition, and pride appeared to centre in the business. Turning to figures, M. Mendel pointed out that the dividends paid during the Company's fourteen years' existence aggregated 181 per cent., or an average of 13 per cent. per annum. The reserve fund now totalled £137,000: next year it would be bound to reach the limit of £150,000 fixed by the articles of association, and a larger distribution of dividends would be sure to follow.

